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LADY HELEN VINCENT

Pembroke Crescent, W.

GANDERS AND GEESE.

EVERYONE who has had to do with geese, whether wild or tame, knows that the common phrase which makes the word "goose" synonymous with foolishness is a gross libel and a "vulgar error." They are among the cleverest of birds—and certainly the most intelligent of domesticated fowl. Why they have kept their originally large stock of brains undeteriorated, while the tame duck has lost most of those it had, is not easy to say. It has been found that the brain of the tame duck only weighs half as much as the brain of the wild duck, though the former bird has the larger body. All its habits show that this dwindling of its brain corresponds to a real loss of intelligence, and of other good qualities. The tame duck has become a polygamist, instead of being the husband of one wife, like the wild drake; he has forgotten how to fly, and cannot even walk with elegance.

Tame geese, on the other hand, thrive best when allowed to be THEIR OWN MASTERS, and will find food and lodging, make their nests, and bring up their young, and finally walk to market at the rate of nine miles per diem, without asking any help from their owners, except the loan of a "goose drover" to show them the way. The portrait of the old goose sitting on A STOLEN NEST shows that our domestic birds are still much like the



Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

THEIR OWN MASTERS.

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wild grey-lag geese. The young of these birds used to be caught in great numbers before they could fly by the fen-men, and reared as tame birds. In many countries they have been domesticated from an ancient date.

The Chinese white geese, which are kept as "watch dogs" for the duck farms on the big rivers, and the curious fluffy breed kept on ornamental waters, are clearly examples of this. But whether half wild, like the big flock of Canada geese kept by Lord Leicester, on his lake at Holkham, in Norfolk, or quite domesticated in a Midland farm-yard, geese never lose their presence of mind or that fine mixture of courage and prudence for which they have always been admired. St. John, speaking of the tame variety, remarked that you could run over a dog, a pig, a chicken, or a duck when driving, but never over a goose. Yet tame geese seldom fly, and prefer walking as their main mode of locomotion. So do the wild ones in their northern breeding places, when they are moulting. Neither they nor the tame birds ever crowd or jostle each other, and they will march like soldiers for long distances, even on a high road. Before the railways were made, some sixty thousand geese used to walk every autumn from Norfolk and Suffolk to London, in big droves, with a cart behind to pick up the lame ones. Where large numbers are kept on natural waters, such as the Isis above Oxford, the geese shift for themselves all day long, only returning HOME TO TEA. Near "Port-Meadow," below Godstow, they collect all their goslings at night on a muddy island in the river, where they are safe from foxes, and the goslings from prowling cats.

A tame goose makes a most amusing pet. Its pugnacity and propensity for biting people or animals to which it takes a dislike is more amusing than dangerous, though it sometimes leads to reprisals.

Grantley Berkeley used to tell an amusing story in which a spiteful old gander was the ultimate cause of wrath. He saw a small rustic ill-treating a gosling, and threatened to give him a taste of his whip. The urchin dashed through a gap in the hedge, and there, from a position of safety, proceeded to justify his conduct. Sticking his face

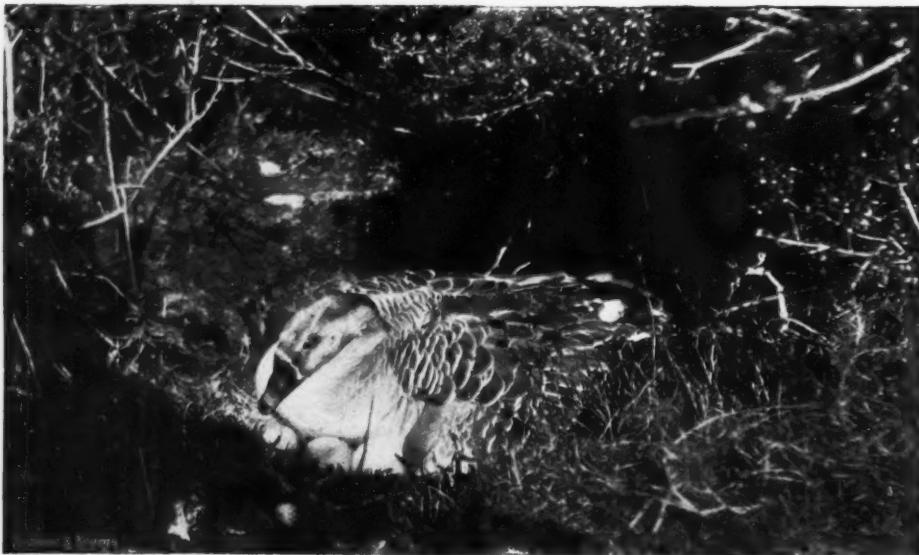


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A STOLEN NEST.

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Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

HOME TO TEA.

Copyright

through the fence he said bitterly to the gosling's champion, "What did goosling's feyther bite *I* for *last year*?" showing that revenge is sweet, even on a goose.

There is a colony of wild geese, of the smaller variety, known as the "pink-footed" species, which always visit a certain sandbank off the Norfolk coast in autumn and leave in the spring. They come down from Lapland to this sandbank on or about "old Michaelmas Day" to pay for last year's board and lodging, as the coast gunners say. They are too wary to pay heavily in kind, and, as a rule, not more than a score are killed in the

season. Every morning they fly in to feed in certain well-preserved marshes belonging to Lord Leicester, and each night fly back to sleep upon their sandbank. These birds weigh only 5lb., but after they have fed on the grass, newly-sown corn, and clover at Holkham they are excellent eating—nearly as good as a "stubble goose" from the farm. They are occasionally taken in nets set up upon the sands, when the price asked is only half-a-crown apiece. They are fairly common on the "Wolds" near the Humber, but always leave the fields to sleep on the sands at night.

C. J. CORNISH.

COUNTRY LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Lady Helen Vincent	619
Their Own Masters; Cannaers and Geese...	620
A Stolen Nest	620
Home to Tea	620
Mr. W. Walker on Nimble; Polo at Ranelagh	625
Following Up	625
Changing Ponies	625
At the Magazine; the Meet of the Four-in-Hand Club	626
Taking Position	626
A Good Master	626
Interested Spectators	627
Early Arrivals	627
A Unique Team	627
A Pretty Corner	628
Leading Off	628
Miss Coralie Glyn; Cycle Touring	629
Thelma; Yachts of the Season	629
Caress in a Breeze...	630
Vanity	630
Britannia	631
The South Front; Country Homes: Holland House	632
The Dutch Garden	632
The Italian Garden	633
Iushka; Mr. Leonard Pilkington's Greyhounds	634
Pursuer	634
Thoughtless Beauty	635
Pennegant, Penugano, and Thoughtless Beauty	635
Purissima	635
The Meet; a Genuine Point-to-Point	637
Pinning on the Numbers	637
At the Winning-Post	637
At the Last Fence: Here They Come!	638
The Winner	638
The Master	638
Coming Back to Scale	639
Weighing-In	639
The Hill at Epsom; the Epsom Summer Meeting	640
The Favourite in the Paddock	641
Saddling Oakdene	641
Going Out for the Race	641
The Paddock	642
The Parade	642
The Canter Past	642
At the Post...	642
A Break Away	643
Waiting for Monterey	643
Ready to Go	643
Galtee More Wins!	643
Leading in the Winner	644
Group of Carter's Show Calceolarias; Royal Horticultural Society's Exhibition	647
The Famous Orchid from Sanders, of St. Albans (Cattleya Reineckiana)	647
Specimen Clematis in Pots from Richard Smith and Co., Worcester	647
Rockfoils (Saxifraga) in the Guildford Hardy Plant Company's Group...	648
Malmaison Carnations from the Duke of Marlborough's Gardens	648
T. S. Ware's Double Tuberous Begonias...	648
Flowering Shrubs from the Messrs. Veitch	648
Messrs. Laing and Sons' Group of Orchids	649
Spanish Irises from Messrs. Wallace and Co. of Colchester	649
Messrs. Sutton and Sons' Prize Redding Gloxinias	649

LITERARY.

Ganders and Geese...	620
Country Notes	621
Our Portrait Illustration	624
The Beaufort Yearlings	624
Last Week's Polo	624
Polo at Ranelagh	625
The Meet of the Four-in-Hand Club	626
Cycle Touring	628
Yachts of the Season	629
Country Homes: Holland House; by John Leyland	632

Mr. Leonard Pilkington's Greyhounds	634
After-Dinner Golf; by Horace G. Hutchinson	636
A Genuine Point-to-Point	637
The Rules of the Game; the Grand International Steeplechase	638
The Epsom Summer Meeting	640
From the Pavilion	644
On the Green	644
In the Garden	646
Royal Horticultural Society's Exhibition	647
A Most Notable Book	650
Cycling Notes	650

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration—and if suitable to accept and pay for—photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, bearing upon any of the subjects of which COUNTRY LIFE can treat, besides literary contributions in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short sporting stories dealing with racing, hunting, etc.

With regard to photographs, the price required, together with all descriptive particulars, must be plainly stated in a letter accompanying the prints. If it is desired, in the case of non-acceptance, that the latter should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed envelope must be enclosed for the purpose.

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COUNTRY NOTES.

WITH the short spell of more seasonable weather last week, agricultural prospects, particularly those of the hay and corn harvests, distinctly improved; but in many parts of the country a good deal more sun and warm showers are necessary for the root and grain crops. So many market gardeners have been looking forward to the enhanced prices for their produce that the Jubilee demand will create that the backward state of much of the garden stuff is a matter of serious moment.

Once again appears a newspaper report that a fine specimen of the Golden Eagle has been seen—and, of course, shot. From the constant recurrence of this wanton slaughter it seems that it is almost useless to protest against it, but on the principle that *gutta cavat lapidem non vi, sed saepe cadendo*, a protest is here raised against the senseless and cruel destruction of rare and beautiful birds simply because they are rare and beautiful. A contemporary has a weekly pillory for the publication of extravagant or improper magisterial sentences on small offenders. If COUNTRY LIFE and other journals interested in rural matters were to publish the names and addresses of those who are guilty of this senseless destruction of rare birds—for publicity seems to be what they require—some good might be done. An extension of the Act of Parliament protecting wild birds would, of course, be more efficient, but in cases where the law is inoperative, a good strong dose of adverse public opinion is often not without salutary effect.

A week or two ago the extraordinary quantity of buttercups, with which our meadows are covered just now, was commented on. From Lancashire comes the report of a coroner's inquest on the body of a little boy who, possibly deceived by the name of the plant, had eaten some of the flowers and had died from the effects of the poison they contain. This report teaches a lesson, particularly to those town dwellers who propose to take their children for a visit to a farm-house and let them run wild in the country for a week or two instead of staying at the seaside.

If the reported results of some experiments carried on in France are to be relied upon, there is good news indeed for farmers whose fields are infested with charlock or wild mustard (and what a common and persistent plague this charlock is in many places). It is said that a five per cent. solution (five

pounds in ten gallons of water) of sulphate of copper has been most efficacious in killing down this pestilent weed. The ordinary method of ridding the fields of it, by constant weeding, is so expensive and so unsatisfactory, that a simple chemical remedy certainly seems to deserve a trial.

The issue of the *Hawke v. Dunn* case was unsatisfactory, because it was fought out on wrong grounds, and ridiculous inasmuch as it involved the absurdity of an Act intended to prevent betting anywhere else except on racecourses being used to suppress racecourse betting and allow it elsewhere. As was pointed out at the time in these notes, this was chiefly caused by the case being badly presented to the Court, and it is very far from being the last act of the drama. It was satisfactory to notice, during the hearing of the action of *Powell v. The Kempton Park Racecourse Company*, that the Lord Chief Justice of England, at any rate, has a thorough knowledge of the subject. In the Dunn case bookmakers were invariably referred to as if they formed the only professional element in the rings. Lord Russell of Killowen showed that he appreciated the mistake of this by remarking that there are professional backers as well as layers. This was probably a new idea to Mr. Asquith, but I will defy the subtlety of even the English law to distinguish between the two.

His Lordship also drew attention to the preamble of the "Act for the Suppression of Betting-houses," which has hitherto been carefully buried by those striving to transform it into an Act for the Suppression of Racecourses. In doing so he very properly pointed out that the title and preamble of any Act, although they cannot control its clauses, are "undoubtedly useful in showing what is the prime object of the Act." His Lordship also laid considerable stress on the serious consequences of the view taken in the case of *Hawke v. Dunn*, namely, that anyone found in a "place," whether for the purpose of betting or not, is liable to be seized, searched, and taken before a magistrate. Of course, His Lordship was unable to override the previous decision of his own Court, and there was, therefore, only one course open to him, namely, judgment for the plaintiff, and an injunction against the defendant company.

But this is only the beginning of the end. A stay of execution was granted until the hearing of the appeal on Wednesday next, the Master of the Rolls stating that he expedited the appeal for the same reason that the Lord Chief Justice had done so, viz., that it was of public interest all over the kingdom. What the result of that appeal will be, we must wait to see, but even if it should be unfavourable, there would still be the House of Lords to appeal to, and it is not so very many years ago that a committee of both Houses of Parliament reported that they considered horse-racing should be maintained, because it was the popular sport of the people, because it promoted intercourse between the different classes of Society, and because it preserved the purity of the blood which had made English horses the best in the world. The final words of Lord Russell of Killowen's decision, which are as follows, are well worth remembering:—"Racing has a history of some centuries, at least, and although the Act of 1853 has now been some forty-four years in operation, there is only one case, so far as I know, in which an attempt has been made to declare betting on racecourses illegal."

The levelling power of bad wickets has been lately witnessed in several startling particulars. Indeed, a really bad wicket seems to make less good bats not only equal but superior to those of better style. It is essential when the turf is slow and catchy to hit and run out and generally neglect all rules, and the better the bat the more difficult he finds it to thus change his style. Surrey, since they have lost M. Read, are notoriously bad on this sort of wicket, and Grace seems to have relied on this reputation of theirs when he adopted the bold policy of putting them in to bat first. Certainly his audacity was successful, thanks to fine bowling by Jessop and Townsend. But without wishing to detract from the glory of veteran guile, a second thunderstorm was a principal factor in the victory. However, perhaps Dr. W. G. Grace is also a weather prophet.

The repetition of the same stroke of policy against Middlesex looked like an over-reach of guile when Hayman and Warner for the first wicket put on well over the hundred and the whole side made 386. Nevertheless the wicket undoubtedly became faster later in the day, and thus enabled Gloucestershire to get within fifty of the same number. Still, the policy must always be dubious, for whatever happens in the first two innings, the wicket is almost certain to be least good for the fourth.

There were several fine individual performances during the week, chiefly among the bowlers. In the first place stands

the feat of Turner, a Staffordshire professional, who dismissed Notts for 43 runs! It is highly probable that Turner will soon be drafted into some first-class county, unless—which on principle is greatly to be wished—his native patriotism is too strong. The practice of bribing players to leave their native county is productive of no good, is not sportsmanlike, and makes the minor counties mere nurseries to supply the few richest clubs. Amateur bowlers have also been in evidence. Indeed, there has seldom been so much talent in this department. Perhaps, at last, the schools are beginning to learn that bowling can be taught almost with as much success as batting, and there is no inherent reason why amateurs should not be a match for professionals in bowling as well as in batting. Jessop, Townsend, Kortright, Bull, Cunliffe, Hartley, all on their day approach first class, and have proved their proficiency in the present season.

A few big scores show that the wickets are recovering from the thunderstorms. F. G. J. Ford has seldom hit more finely than in the second innings against Gloucestershire, when his natural proclivities were stimulated by the briefness of time. Nobody who has fielded on the off side to Ford is over-anxious to repeat the experience, but in this innings even old Lillywhite, as umpire, was involuntarily pressed into the service. Kitcat's spasmodic appearances for Gloucestershire have been attended with very varying success. He is a curiously ungainly player, but watches the ball well and seldom lets off a loose ball. His 95 not out was, if memory serves, the biggest innings he has played, and alone saved the county from defeat. It is worthy of notice that Grace took a number of wickets, three of them after that old device l-b-w. Among the oddities of cricket statistics it would be a matter worth the ant-like industry of some compiler to find out what proportion of his wickets has fallen in this way.

Oxford's first defeat is in many ways as encouraging as previous victories. There was, it is true, a collapse in the first innings, but the wicket was immensely difficult, and several of the side were playing first-class bowling for the first time. The second innings was a complete recovery, and Champain's 78 a really sterling piece of work. But it was in the bowling and fielding that the team especially increased its reputation. Hartley was playing his first match of the season, and was naturally not quite so steady in his length as last year, but he was at intervals quite as difficult and his leg-break as dangerous. Still, he is not in the same class as Cunliffe, who has not only the easy delivery and break-back usually associated with left-handed bowlers, but in addition great steadiness of length and unexpected rapidity. He is, for instance, though few spectators would believe it, at least as fast as Waddy, whose chief claim as a bowler is the speed of his deliveries. But, more than this, the best Surrey batsmen allowed that they had seldom met a bowler more difficult to score off, and it is rumoured that Middlesex are anxious to avail themselves of his services after the 'Varsity match.

The fielding of the Oxford side also aroused much enthusiasm. For the last few years the Oxford team have been exceptionally brilliant in this respect. J. G. Mordaunt was and is the best out-field in England, not excepting Gunn or Jardine, another old Oxford captain. When he surrendered the captaincy to Leveson-Gower, their double example was so well imitated through the eleven that the Oxford fielding in last 'Varsity match was said never to have been surpassed. This year Bardswell is in the same class as Ranjitsinhji and Abel as a short slip, and is well backed up by the rest. Champain is perhaps the best, but there was hardly a mistake made by anyone through all the Surrey match.

Both Oxford and Cambridge, playing respectively against the Philadelphians and M.C.C., altered their teams considerably, but probably in no case is the change likely to be permanent. Fane, Bardswell owing to a bad finger, and Fox in order to rest his hands, stood out of the Oxford team, and Foster, Bannon, and Matthews took their places. Champain opened the Oxford batting with another fine innings, and Bromley-Martin also made his blue doubly sure. As a result of the match the competition for the last place lies between Foster, Henderson, and Wright; but it is probable, now that the other bowlers have proved their deadliness, that after all Henderson will have to go. Whatever happens, the amount and quality of rejected talent will be beyond precedent. How good the Philadelphians will prove is difficult to tell from their first match, but Lester has already proved his great capacity as a bat in this country, and King, who is exceptionally fast, is expected by his side to do great things.

As the result of the trial match, at Cambridge, of the Twelve versus Sixteen, in which Druce distinguished himself by another double century, it was resolved to give Richardson and Curgiven

a trial. Curgenvan, who will later possibly be playing for Derbyshire, showed himself a fine all-round player, but there are enough bowlers in the team without him, and he is hardly so useful a bat as either Stogdon or Moon, who are standing down. De Zoete was also an absentee, and Mitchell, last year's captain, took his place. Mitchell may, of course, wish to play in the 'Varsity match, as he has never done himself justice at Lord's, but without very strong reason it is seldom of advantage, nor is it quite fair to present talent, to play a man who is not in residence. The M.C.C., though not a very strong team, contained some fine amateur bats. George Scott won the 'Varsity match for Oxford some ten years ago, and has a great record against Cambridge bowling, but neither he nor George Kemp, who a year or two before had the highest average for Cambridge, have been much before the public since. C. P. Foley, too, was mainly responsible for the Cambridge victory when Berkeley, by his great bowling feat, brought the match to so close a finish. Shine was the most successful Cambridge bowler in the first innings; on a good wicket he is not a very difficult bowler, but he is steady and fairly fast. With him, Jessop, De Zoete, Wilson, and Fernie, the eleven will never suffer from want of change. It is an open question whether this variety and quantity is of equal value with the quality of the two Oxford bowlers; but none of the five, except Jessop on his day and particular wicket, are quite difficult enough for first-class batting.

In the matches begun on Whit-Monday, all the fourteen first-class counties, as well as the two 'Varsities, were engaged. Middlesex put aside the proceeds of their match with Somerset for the veteran umpire, W. Hearn. Their innings opened just as in the previous match, with some fine free hitting by Hayman and Warner. Hayman was lucky, but Warner's 83 was one of his best innings. Notts and Lancashire each held a benefit match for Gunn and Sugg respectively. Gunn has maintained his form with exceptional uniformity for over fourteen years, and showed himself in this his match still in the first class, both as an out-field and bat, in spite of his thirty-nine years. His great height and lissomness have made him a standard of reference for correct and stylish forward play. Sugg is remarkable as one of the few professionals who lays himself out for mere hitting.

The last night of the Oxford eights produced, after all, the best racing. Brasenose oscillated again, this time gaining a place by bumping Hertford, in spite of the fact that they were rowing an untrained man. Queen's reduced St. John's to the unenviable position of "sandwich boat," and Christ Church made their fifth bump. They would, no doubt, have brought their record to six, but were defrauded by a very early bump in front, Brasenose running into St. John's almost at the start, thanks to a peculiarly arrestive crab. New College have settled to row for the Grand, at Henley, and will be bad to beat when both Edwards and de Knoop are back in the boat. Magdalen could put on a very powerful four, and Christ Church have been coached by Sherwood and Fletcher to such a pitch of perfection in style that it will be a pity if they do not enter for the Ladies'.

It is the prevailing habit at Cambridge to decry the quality of the rowing, but the leading boats, at any rate, are better than their reputation. Still, the contrast of criticism at the two 'Varsities is instructive. At Oxford, where complaint is made, the line of objection is the too great slowness of stroke and tendency to paddle rather than row. At Cambridge a critic, gloomy even among the prevailing pessimism, says, "A fast stroke is being attempted by the majority of crews, but with little success, a bad bucket being the result in most cases." He adds—not truthfully, it seems to some—that the boats are distinctly below the average, especially at the head of the river, practice is slack, and that all boats, except Emmanuel and the Hall, lack dash and "go." A critic is, of course, allowed his growl, but an impartial comparison of the boats gives the idea that except with regard to the head boat and those at the very bottom, the Cambridge eights are, if anything, superior to the Oxford in pace, if not in style. But Henley will show. The latest suggestion for improving the rowing at Cambridge is to make the Lower Division also row in light boats. The notion may have good in it, but the change should more naturally be the result than the cause of an improvement in style.

As the races will next week be an accomplished fact, an incursion into the field of prophecy may be allowed. First Trinity have suffered so much from the loss of Brown at seven that they have lost all chance of catching the Hall. Most of the other boats have been timed over trial courses, and the results are not so secret as affectation pretends. Time tests are after all more to be relied on than the prejudices of even the greatest critics, and therefore Emmanuel may be expected to catch Lady Margaret, and even approach First Trinity unless the latter row better together in the races than in practice. The fastest boat lower

down is undoubtedly the second Hall boat; their times have been better, especially over the first half of the course, and their style, though not quite orthodox, is good of its kind. They should bump Caius, and have a good race with First Trinity II. for sixth place. It is remarkable that both the Hall and First Trinity have three boats in the First Division. Of the Second Division the less said the better. Peterhouse did wonders last year and are still fair, Christ's have a pretty style, and Queen's, at the bottom, should go up with a rush.

It may not be generally known that Dr. Rutherford Harris, whose passage of arms with Mr. Labouchere has so livened up the proceedings of the South African Committee, is owner of Highwayman, winner of last season's Champion Puppy Stakes at Newmarket. After his big win at the racing metropolis, Highwayman was prepared with a view to Waterloo Cup honours, but he quite failed to come up to expectations in his later trials. Dr. Harris has lately considerably added to his kennel, his team down at Elmswell, Suffolk, now being one of the strongest in the Eastern Counties. He intends making a bold bid for high honours during the approaching coursing season, and may send a team north to the Hornby Castle meeting, to be held in October on the estate of the Duke of Leeds.

The Association of Bloodhound Breeders has at length been floated, the rules being passed at a meeting held at the Kennel Club the other day. Mr. Edgar Farman, who, by the way, brought out a really good Bloodhound at Maidstone, has consented to act as honorary secretary, and with Mr. Edwin Brough as chairman for the first year, there is not much doubt as to the ultimate success of the venture. The combination differs very materially from all other specialist bodies, inasmuch as 10 per cent. of the winnings of members at shows must be given towards the funds of the association. In this way the club will soon be in a position to inaugurate valuable competitions, one of which is to be an annual man-hunting trial. These will be taken part in by the best dogs, and ought to cause very great interest.

This is the time of year, blessed by the schoolboy, at which the world is full of immature fledglings of the feathered kind—young birds, that he can assault with hope of success by stone-throwing or catapulting. Little short-jacketed birds of every kind are in the coves and hedgerows, the starling is leading about a small family of brown-coated youngsters, less gloriously arrayed than herself. It is a severe time for all caterpillars and larvæ. Every other sparrow that we see is either a fledgling with beak readily recipient of such soft food, or, if an old bird, has its beak stuffed with grubs ready to thrust down the receptive throat of a youngster. The wild duck on the lake is conveying a small fleet of downy babies. Near in to the rushes you will think the fish are rising freely, but it is only the dabchick's family, diving like otters even before their mother set them the example. Prettiest sight of all, perhaps, is the swallow and all her kind—swifts and martins—feeding her youngsters in the air, while on the wing, a miracle of artistic flight.

Despite the undoubtedly outbreak of grouse disease on many of the North Yorkshire moors, the young broods are numerous, healthy, and many already able to fly, whilst it is hoped that the recent welcome change in the weather will stop the ravages of the disease. The cold, dry spring, accompanied by severe frosts in May, retarded the growth of the young heather, and on heavily stocked moors birds have died in considerable numbers. Fortunately a heavy stock was left on the majority of moors, and although the coming season will probably be below the average of the last few years, fair bags may in most cases be confidently anticipated. Usually the young broods average from five to eight, but this season the numbers are from seven to ten, and in some cases eleven and twelve have been seen. Rooks, as usual in a dry spring, destroyed a considerable number of eggs on the lower moors.

Both partridges and pheasants have, so far, had a most favourable nesting season, and although it is yet too early to speak with certainty, still prospects look most promising. The clutches of eggs are large, and the absence of heavy hailstorms and the dry spring has been favourable. Last season was an exceptionally good year for pheasants and partridges in Yorkshire, and record bags were made on some big preserves, whilst a large stock of birds were left for breeding purposes.

The stone-fly and green drake are "up" on the Yorkshire rivers and tributaries, and anglers are having excellent sport. The stone-fly is usually fished *au naturel*, and in the hands of an expert is a most deadly lure.

HIPPIAS.

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

LADY HELEN VINCENT, whose portrait appears on the frontispiece, is by many judges of beauty considered to be the loveliest woman in aristocratic English Society. Tall and graceful, possessing a beautiful figure and an exceptionally erect and stately carriage, she has a complexion of exquisite delicacy, large eyes, beautifully modelled cheeks and brow and chin, a short nose, with the slightest possible inclination to be tip-tilted, and a wealth of golden-brown hair. The second daughter of the Earl of Feversham and of his beautiful wife (née Graham), Lady Helen married, in 1890, Sir Edgar Vincent, K.C.M.G., and has since then passed a considerable portion of the year in Constantinople, where her husband's diplomatic duties oblige him chiefly to reside. Lady Helen's sisters are all endowed with beauty. That of the late Duchess of Leinster, the eldest, was well known to the public through the medium of photographs. Lady Cynthia Graham (she married her cousin) is a lovely woman, and Lady Ulrica, the youngest, who is just twenty-two, is a reigning London belle. Sir Edgar Vincent is regarded as one of our most successful diplomats. Youngest brother of the twelfth Baronet of the name, he has at forty years of age achieved considerable distinction. He became Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government in 1883, and held the appointment six years. He is now Governor of the Imperial Ottoman Bank at Constantinople.

THE BEENHAM YEARLINGS.

NO one who has ever been over the Beenham Stud Farm can fail to have been struck with the fact that it is an ideal place for the breeding and rearing of thoroughbred stock. It is for this reason, probably, coupled with the fact that they are always well done, and judiciously handled, that Mr. Waring's yearlings are usually such a well-grown, sensible lot of youngsters, whilst, as he spares no trouble or money in securing the best blood, it is certain that a great racehorse will come from Beenham some day.

It may well be that there is one or more such among the lot which I saw on Saturday last, and which will be brought to the hammer, without reserve, at Ascot next week, seeing that they are a uniformly good lot of yearlings, any one of which might turn out to be a very good racehorse indeed, and with not a bad one among them. They are made up of eleven Buccaneers, ten Chittabobs, six Florentines—two by Gold, one each by Sweetheart, Despair, and Bread Knife, and one by Chittabob, or Lourdes.

The Buccaneers include a fine strong chestnut filly out of Bobbery, by Chittabob—Surprise (dam of Mockery and Senaputty). This is a first foal, and was only born on the 5th of April, but she is a fine strong filly, with plenty of length and reach, and an honest, sensible-looking sort. A very good yearling is the bay filly out of Comette, by Robert the Devil—Captive Queen, by Scottish Chief, with a back and loins like her sire, and a well-balanced, neatly-turned filly all over. The same sire has a fine, handsome, lengthy filly out of Crooked Answer, by Chittabob—Cross Question (sister to Rosy Cross), by Rosicrucian. This is a chestnut with capital limbs. Another bay is the filly out of Demoness, by Robert the Devil—Lady Mostyn, by Lord Clifden. A nice racing-like young lady she is, and a rare bred one, too. Another bay filly full of running-blood is the daughter of Devil a Bit, by Robert the Devil—Macaronea, by Macaroni, her dam Bonny Bell, by Voltigeur, an active galloping sort; and then we came to a very good bay filly out of True Love, by Sterling—Carine, by Stockwell. This yearling is full of running-blood on both sides of her pedigree, and is a long low level sort, with size, substance, and depth, and a kind, sensible head. Even better, however, I liked the next that I saw, the bay filly out of Woodroof, by Cymbal, and tracing back to Woodbine, dam of Violet (dam of Melton's dam) and Feronia. This young lady combines length and symmetry with the best of limbs and beautiful quality. She has her sire's back and quarters, and the sweetest of heads, and will probably fetch a big price. The Sub Rosa filly is a lengthy, blood-like chestnut, with good limbs; and I was much taken with the bay filly out of Pinnacle, by Macgregor out of Acme, by Dutch Skater. This is a good square, well-balanced yearling, with capital shoulders, and Buccaneer-like back and loins. We next came to Buccaneer's two colts, the first being a great, forward, big-boned youngster out of Ripa, by Lowlander. He has good shoulders, his sire's back and loins, and ought to grow into a good horse. Buccaneer's other colt is out of that good Rosicrucian mare Mary Anderson, her dam Our Mary Ann, by Voltigeur. This is a dark bay, rather of the Rosicrucian type, and a rare good goer in the paddocks. He was foaled on April 20th, and will make plenty of improvement.

The first of the Chittabobs to be inspected was the bay colt from Canto, by Florentine—The Song. This is a nice clean colt, with plenty of quality, and very good in his forehead. The bay filly out of Eastern Rose, by Rosicrucian—The Sphynx, by Newminster, is a very good yearling—shapely, symmetrical, short-legged mare, with clean, well-placed shoulders, an intelligent head, and hind legs well put on. She is, moreover, a beautiful mover, and is sure to make a good one. The chestnut filly out of Fraud, by Cymbal, may be a trifle small—she was foaled March 20th—but very shapely and quick-looking, and with beautiful quality. I was then shown a very high-class colt out of Glance, by Beauclerc. This is a big, upstanding sort, with length and reach, size, quality, and action. He is remarkably good in his arms and thighs, with short cannon bones, and has the best of shoulders and forehead. The chestnut out of Hestia, by Hampton—Hester (dam of Prince Rudolph), by Thormanby—Tomyris, is a big lengthy colt, very near the ground, with long, sloping shoulders, and a very improving sort. There is a big backward filly by Chittabob—Lady Leinard, by Scottish Chief—Annette, that wants time, but ought to race some day; and a clean, sharp chestnut out of Lauretta, by Petrarch, with a very blood-like head and neck, and rare quarters. It would be difficult to find a fault in the chestnut colt out of Pardone, by Florentine—Surplice, by Rosicrucian. He has long shoulders, short back, great arms and thighs, and is all use. I must own to having fallen in love with Thelma's daughter, a charming brown filly, with size, substance, and length. She has rare limbs, too, and is sure to gallop. The last of the Chittabobs is a strong business-like chestnut filly, with great

limbs, strong back and quarters, out of Wasp, by Touchet—Busybody, by Petrarch—Spinaway, by Macaroni. This filly reminds me of what Meddler was at her age. I was also shown an active little brown filly, foaled March 26th, with long, sloping shoulders, an old-fashioned head, and sharp as a mouse, by Chittabob, or Lourdes, out of Sweet Ursula, by Sweetbread out of Ursula.

We next came to the Florentines, who seem to improve every year. The first of these is a thick-set, powerful, short-legged, chestnut colt out of Diabeselle, by Robert the Devil—Ursula. This is a rare clever sort, and will be a good advertisement for his sire. The bay colt out of Kore, by Chittabob, out of True Love, by Sterling—Carine, by Stockwell, is bred to race, and is a nice even colt with big joints and bone, that will make a good horse some day; and Maid of Fife's chestnut colt is a pretty, shapely yearling. Pompous, by Wellingtonia, out of a Macaroni mare, has a chestnut colt that looks like galloping, and Florentine is also represented by a fine, lengthy chestnut filly out of Revel, by Mask.

The Lombard is a good horse, as everybody knows, and his three parts brother, by Florentine, out of Wealth (sister to Energy, Enthusiast, and Cherry), by Sterling—Cherry Duchess, by The Duke, is a muscular, clean-limbed youngster that will not disgrace his relatives.

A very well-bred horse is Bread Knife, who is represented by a big length-reaching chestnut colt, out of Florence St. John, that looks like improving, and moves like a racehorse. Gold has two, the first a chestnut colt, out of La Gitana, by Mask, a nice little colt that will run, and the other a strong square chestnut filly, out of Net, by Uncas—Seine, by Gladiateur, a strong, early sort, and a rare mover. An old-fashioned, very useful colt is the dark grey, by Sweetheart, out of Sounding Brass, by Kendal—Sally, by Musket. Despair's brown filly, out of Surprise, by Hermit, is a sharp, quick yearling, very like her sire, and sure to gallop fast, and this was the last of the lot.

I could write a great deal more about this stud if there were not a limit to the space at my disposal, but as it is I will only say that a hasty glance at the elegant blood-like Buccaneer, the powerful, massive Chittabob, and the beautiful Arab-like Florentine showed all those sires to be in the best of health and condition; whilst among the forty foals that I was shown on my way to the station I especially noticed a brown filly by Buccaneer, out of Palmetto, and two beautiful Florentines out of Wealth and Sub Rosa respectively. T. Y. C.

LAST WEEK'S POLO.

THE Royal Horse Guards and the Scots Greys, two of the best regimental teams we have seen this season, have fought two battles of late, the first at Hurlingham on Saturday, May 29th, and the second when they met in the first ties of the Open Champion Cup, on the same ground, on the following Monday. The teams were the same on both occasions, and were made up as follows:—The Blues: Messrs. Marjoribanks, Ward, Rose, and Captain Fitzgerald. The Dragoons: Messrs. Harrison and T. Conolly, and Captains A. Miller and Bulkeley Johnson. Although the first match ended in a victory for the Horse Guards by 4 goals to love, it was by no means an unevenly contested game, and the "Greys" made several gallant attempts to turn the tide. Their combination, however, was hardly so good as their opponents', and their ponies did not last so well on the sticky ground (it had rained hard all the morning). It was the general opinion that they would have done better on a harder ground, and this was borne out on the Monday following, when they found themselves opposed to each other again for the Championship Cup. This was a very good and close match throughout. Mr. Rose scored first for the Blues, and Captain Bulkeley Johnson only just failed to do so for the other side during the first ten minutes. In the second period Captain Fitzgerald got away with the ball, on Gimcrack, and taking it down at a great pace scored again for the Blues, after which Mr. Harrison, who was playing Coronet, did the same for the Greys, followed up by another successful shot for the same side by Conolly. The score was now 2 all, and this was soon added to by Bulkeley Johnson rushing in and scoring again at the end of the third period, during which the Scots Greys had never given their opponents any peace. During the next period, however, the Blues scored twice, and during the fifth the Scots Greys did the same once, making the score once more equal at 4 goals all. The game was very keenly and evenly fought out during the last ten minutes, but the Blues' ponies were fresher than their opponents', and this told its inevitable tale, Marjoribanks making the winning hit for his side, after a good combined attack by the whole team; and thus this well-fought-out match ended with a bare victory for the Blues by 5 goals to 4.

The two other ties were the Freebooters and an American team, and the Royal Artillery v. Rugby. The first of these was a very one-sided affair, the Freebooters, consisting of Messrs. G. Hardy, A. Rawlinson, W. Buckmaster, and John Watson, scoring 11 goals, and the Americans, represented by Messrs. J. Mackey, McCreery, Wheeler, and Lord Harrington, nil. On Thursday the Gunners sent Captains Schofield, Ferrar, Hanwell (back), and Mr. Aldridge into the field to oppose Rugby, playing Messrs. G. A. Miller, E. D. Miller, J. Dryborough (back), and Captain Renton. This was a very strong team, and it was creditable to the Woolwich representatives that for the first half of the game they seemed to be holding their own. After this, however, the stronger and better mounted team went away fast, and when time was called for the last time, Rugby were the winners by 8 goals to 3.

The final heat of the Open Championship brought a big crowd to Hurlingham on Saturday last, when Rugby defeated the Freebooters, after a very close and exciting game. The latter, who were the holders of the Cup, were a very strong team indeed, but the two Millers, who fought for Rugby, are a host in themselves, and Renton is playing in wonderful form. Needless to say, the game was a splendid exhibition of fast, first-class polo, and so evenly was it contested that neither side were able to score until the last period, during which Renton scored twice, and won the Cup for the Rugby Club.

The Blues, playing their usual team, subsequently defeated the 15th Hussars after a fast game, by 4 goals to 2; and then the Jodhpore (India) team, consisting of Khumwah Dhokul Singh and Sir Pertab Singh, with Captain Hanwell and Major Turner to help them, beat the home club by 6 goals to 4.

At Ranelagh, on the same day, the 17th Lancers, represented by Messrs. Carden and Tilney, Captain Warner, and Lord Osmund Beauclerk, played a Ranelagh team, consisting of Messrs. Lambton, Harrild, Schreiber, and Captain Milner. The first to score were Ranelagh, through some smart hitting of Lambton's, and then Schreiber added another goal. The Lancers now attacked vigorously, but Harrild was not to be denied, and scored again for the home team. The Lancers were not idle, however, Beauclerk and Tilney being especially conspicuous, and at the end of time the game was drawn with 5 goals each.

CHAUGAN.

POLO AT RANELAGH.

HERE is no more important item of polo management than the measuring of ponies. This has not always been as accurately carried out as it might have been, and we can all remember ponies being played which were certainly a good deal over the standard. At last this slackness is at an end. A new measuring shed has been put up at Hurlingham, Sir Henry Simpson, M.R.C.V.S., has been appointed Official Measurer, and the measuring is now carried out in a proper and business-like manner. A new standard was used on the 1st May, which is, I believe, the invention of Mr. A. Rawlinson, and is certainly the best I have ever seen for the purpose in view.

Sir Henry Simpson is the well-known Windsor veterinary surgeon. He has been Veterinary Surgeon to Her Majesty for many years, and has for a long time had charge of the Royal Hunt. He was Mayor of Windsor in the last Jubilee year, during which he received the honour of knighthood from Her Majesty. In the same year he was made President of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. He is veterinary surgeon to the Cobham Stud Farm, and also one of the governing body of the Hunters' Improvement



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MR. W. WALKER ON NIMBLE.

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Society, of which he has always been a keen supporter. He is a well-known good judge of hunters, and acts in that capacity at many of the principal shows. It is wonderful how he manages to combine so many important duties with his varied and extensive practice.

It is probable that there were never so many really high-class ponies playing as there are this season. Among the old hands Captain Renton's Tip Cat, Matchbox, and Languesta are all playing in their old form; Mr. Harrison's (Scots Greys) Vendetta and The Boy are still to the front; whilst Mr. Heseltine's White Wriggs, and Mr. Dryborough's Khalifa take a lot of catching. Lord Shrewsbury's five year old, the beautiful brown mare Shooting Star, is all quality and action, and promises to make a very high-class polo pony indeed; Mr. Balfour's Nicotine goes a great pace, and Mr. G. A. Miller's Rasper is very handy and staunch. Slavin and Sandow, too, are good ponies belonging to the brothers Miller, and the black Argentine Caesar is carrying Mr. C. D. Miller very well. Aerolite is a beautiful pony, as is Mr. W. Walker's Catherine Wheel, and Captain Dundas (15th Hussars) is playing very well on Arab Chief.

Those two heavy-weights, Major Fenwick and Mr. Dryborough, are playing some fine weight-carrying ponies, the latter's handsome grey, Lord Dalmahoy, being a perfect model of a weight-carrying hunter, and going a great pace too. Major Fenwick's clever chestnut, Fritz, is up to any amount of weight, and no one would believe how fast he can go with his owner in the saddle. Mr. T. Conolly (Scots Greys) has a useful pair in Napper and Kilmoon; Cyclone is a very speedy pony; and it is worth going a long way to see Mr. W. Walker play Nimble, Dynamite, Lady Jane, and Cicely. These are only a few



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FOLLOWING UP

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CHANGING PONIES.

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of the good ponies that I have seen this season, and there are many others whose names I forget at this moment, whilst Messrs. Buckmaster, Shephard, Gerald Hardy, Jones, Harrison, McCreery, and Ravenscroft are all well mounted, and Lord Kensington is playing his 510 guinea purchase Fizzer.

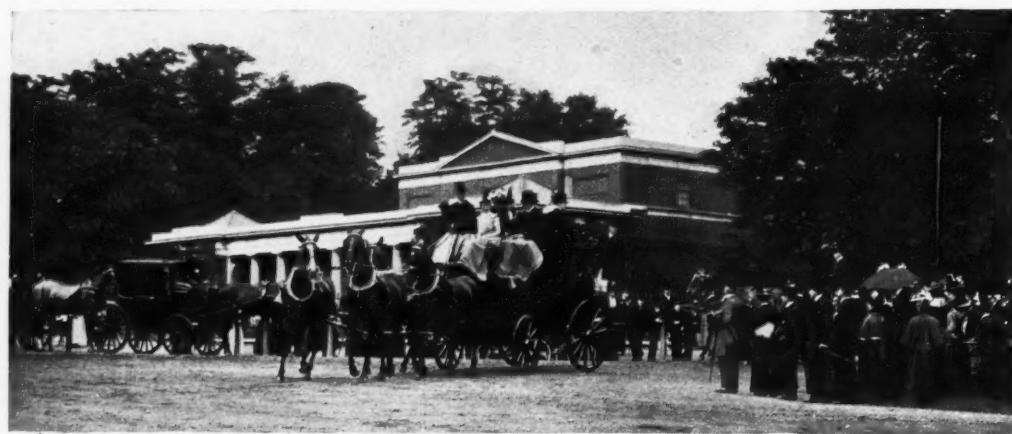
Among country clubs Burghley Park have opened auspiciously, and are well supplied with ponies, and there have been a number of matches played on the Chislehurst Club ground. The Cirencester, Eastbourne, and Fetcham Park Clubs are going strong, as are the Kingsbury Club; which last have made a number of improvements since they opened last season. Eden Park are very strong, and are winning most of their matches, which is, of course, equally true of the powerful Rugby Club. Polo is flourishing at Cambridge University, and the presence of the Inniskilling Dragoons at Edinburgh is keeping polo alive there.

Our illustrations this week are descriptive of various scenes at Ranelagh, and that entitled FOLLOWING UP gives a good idea of one of the most frequent incidents in a game of this description. CHANGING PONIES shows a number of well-known good polo ponies in the act of being mounted or dismounted, as the case may be. Another picture is of Mr. W. Walker's famous pony Nimble. The month of June is always a busy one in the polo world, and this year will be no exception to the rule. At Hurlingham the Maiden Cup Tournament, and the ever-popular Inter-Regimental Tournament, will, among other matches, produce plenty of high-class polo; whilst the programme is made up with pony shows, driving competitions, etc. At Ranelagh the Challenge Polo Cup matches will provoke plenty of interest, whilst Hurlingham, Stansted, the Royal Artillery, the 15th Hussars, and a Buenos Ayres team will also play the Club.

CHAUGAN.

THE MEET OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.

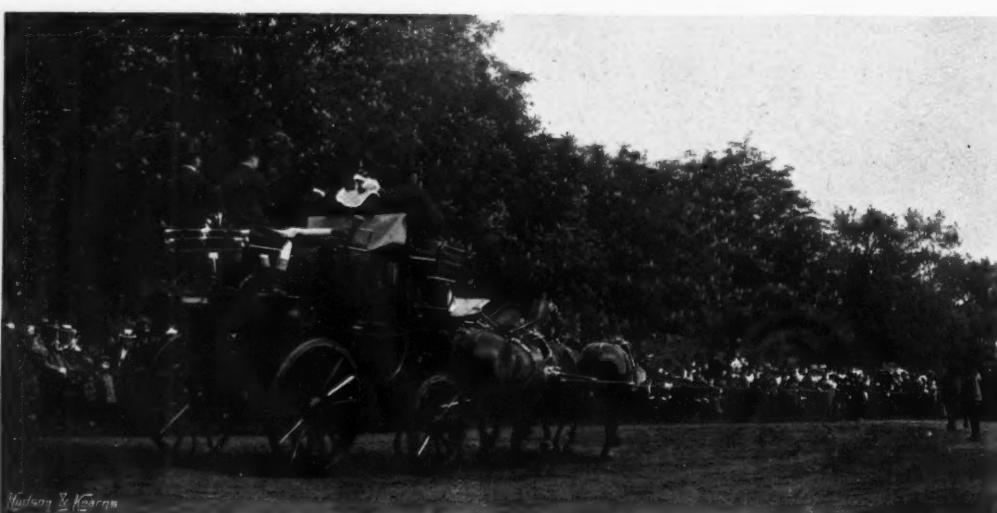
IT was not a particularly inviting morning on which the first meet of the Four-in-Hand Club took place this season at the usual place of rendezvous, the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park. Nevertheless a fine muster of twenty-seven drags, all without exception exquisitely appointed turn-outs, came on to the ground and took part in the procession round the park. Though the members of the club turned up in much increased numbers on the present occasion—there were only eighteen drags on the ground last year—the threatening weather of the morning and the sharp shower which fell about noon kept a great many



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AT THE MAGAZINE.

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TAKING POSITION.

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A GOOD MUSTER.

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spectators away who would otherwise have turned out to witness this always popular show, and thus it was that the attendance of onlookers was unquestionably below the average. Fortunately for those who were present—and especially so for the purposes of our illustrations—the sky had cleared to a great extent by one o'clock; and if the meet was not held in the glorious flood of sunshine that has often favoured similar gatherings, it was bright, with sunny intervals, during the greater part of the proceedings.

Sir William Hozier, driving four well-matched browns, was the first member of the club to arrive, and on his well-filled coach were Lady Louisa Cecil, Miss Hozier, Lady Brisco, Lord Lawrence, and Mr. Hozier, M.P. Next to him came Colonel A. P. Somerset with a very fine chestnut team, and to these succeeded Mr. W. H. Grenfell with four handsome bays—an entirely new team, and well-matched in every respect. They are all four whole bays with black points, free from a single white hair, and were as good-looking a team as any on the ground. With him were Lady de Trafford, Mrs. Grenfell, Major Wynne Finch, and Lord Elphinstone. The fourth drag to draw up was that of Sir H. P. Ewart, who, as usual, drove four fine-featured and substantial chestnuts; while Sir Savile Crossley had an excellent team of dark browns, a colour he has long

kept to. Major Cunningham's horses were four handsome well-matched bays. Half-a-dozen coaches were now drawn up, and they were soon reinforced by the well-known browns of Baron Deichmann, among whose party were Lady Annesley, the Hon. Mrs. Herbert, of Llanarth, the Baroness and Miss Hilda von Deichmann, Lord Llangattock, the Hon. Miss Rolls, Mr. Maurice de Bunsen, and Count Linden, of the German Embassy. Soon after the Baron had taken up his position, he was joined by Captain Spicer driving A SHOWY TEAM of well-made skewbalds who was followed by Lord Londonderry driving four bays. On his Lordship's coach were, among others, the Marchioness of Ormonde, Lady Lurgan, Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, and Lady Beatrice Butler. Mr. W. E. Oakley's two pairs were all strongly marked with white, the brown wheelers having white stockings, while in the lead were a bay and a skewbald. Lord Iveagh's team of browns were not inferior to the best on

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Hodson & Kearns

INTERESTED SPECTATORS.

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the ground; while the four browns of Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson, with whom were Lady Evelyn Cavendish, Lady Meysey-Thompson, Lady Beatrice Taylor, Lord Ennismore, and Mr.

Stephen Wombwell, were full of quality as usual, and were well put together. Colonel Neeld, driving the regimental coach of the 2nd Life Guards, had a workmanlike team of bays; Lord Charles Beresford remained faithful to the greys which have generally been seen in the family coach; while Lord William Beresford, looking well and, happily, quite recovered from his recent severe accident in the hunting field, had four fine upstanding bays.

Among those on Lord William's coach, besides Lilian, Duchess of Marlborough, was Sir Pertab Singh, a famous player of polo on Indian grounds. Sir John Dickson Poynder drove a very good-looking team of well-matched bays, as also did Colonel Eaton a team somewhat lighter in colour, but equally good. The Duke of Portland, who does not often attend the meets of the club, came with four remarkably fine horses, dark browns, almost black—quite one of the best teams seen on the ground. Colonel Le Gendre Starkie had his usual bays, as fine a team as ever, which is saying everything. The Marquis of Winchester always drives blue roans, and on this occasion he controlled a very handsome and powerful team. Lord Ancaster made his appearance driving black browns, as on many previous occasions. The Duke of Marlborough drove two good-looking bays in front of the bars, with a bay and bay brown at wheel, the four making up a team which received a good deal of attention and much favourable comment. The black browns of Mr. Colston M.P., were as handsome as ever; and Mr. D. G. Stewart, who was in charge of the regimental coach of the 1st Scots Guards, drove four useful horses. Sir John Thursby is so constant and



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EARLY ARRIVALS.

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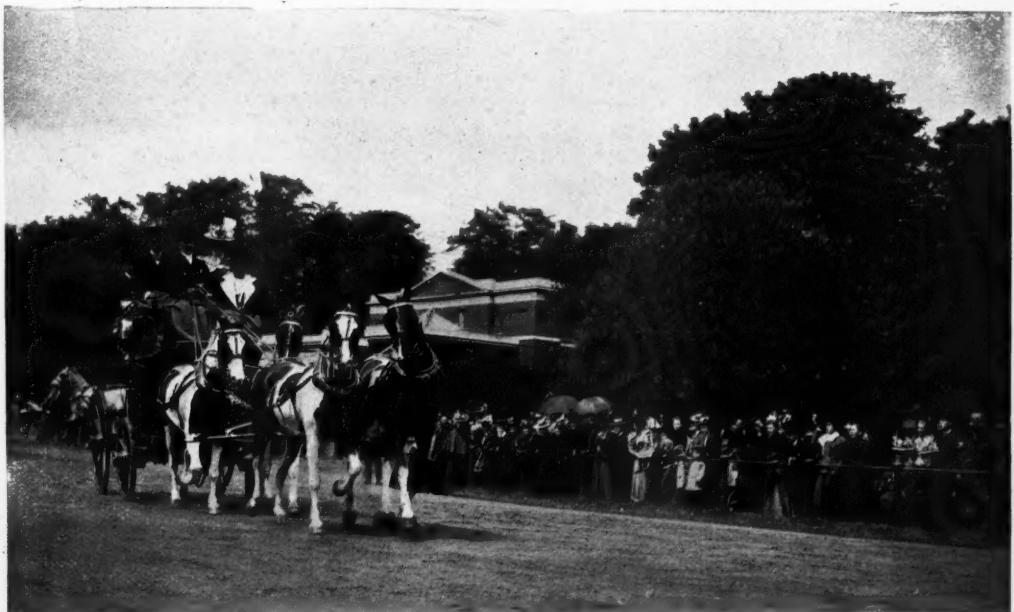


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A UNIQUE TEAM.

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well known an attendant at the meets of the club, that it is almost superfluous to say that the bays he drove would not suffer by comparison with any similar team on the ground. The last to arrive was General Dickson with four well-made browns.

Shortly after one o'clock Mr. Lovegrove, the secretary, gave the word to start, and with Lord Ancaster leading, and Sir John Thursby and Colonel Sir H. P. Ewart in attendance, the drags proceeded along the north bank of the Serpentine, and then, by way of the Ladies' Mile, into Kensington Gardens and out at Queen's Gate, where a good many of the members fell out, the remainder going on to Hurlingham to luncheon.

If the Four-in-Hand Club had reason to feel dissatisfied with the weather on the occasion of their opening meet of the season, the members of the Coaching Club were still more unfortunate in that respect next day. At noon rain began to fall heavily. Englishmen—and women too—are not accustomed to allow the weather to interfere seriously either with their business or pleasure, and some time before the appointed hour there was a long string of carriages and hansom outside the Albert Gate, whilst a stream of people were steadily making their way towards the Powder Magazine. The riders in the Row were almost as numerous as usual, treating the rain, which was growing heavier every minute, with complete indifference.

A rich harvest is usually reaped in the letting of chairs on these occasions, but only those under the shelter of the elms were in any demand. The rain completely ruined the scene as a spectacle, as instead of all the customary bravery of ladies'



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LEADING OFF.

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CYCLE TOURING.

FOR Londoners it is a far cry to the Lowlands of Scotland, where the *locale* of the following article is laid; but, at the same time, for those who can make the long journey, the tour is one that is quite worth undertaking. In any case it is as well to know how to make the tour to the best advantage.

The tour of the Lowlands is best performed by way of Edinburgh, whence those under the glamour of Scott's romantic genius may visit the places associated with his name and fame, and by a circuitous route make the pilgrimage to that Mecca of all true Scotchmen—the birthplace of Burns. Making for the "Athens of the North," Dunblane and Bridge of Allan are passed on the way to Stirling, which is the oldest of the royal burghs of Scotland, and a convenient centre for runs to the historical sites of many stirring events—the Castle, Wallace Monument, battlefield of Bannockburn, and other places. From Stirling go by Larbert, Linlithgow and its palace, and make for Queensferry, to see the Forth Bridge, passing Lord Rosebery's park at Dalmeny, after which the capital is soon reached.

Edinburgh calls for a lengthened stay, especially as runs can be made to Hawthornden and Roslin, with the "Prentice's Pillar," and North Berwick for Dirleton and Tantallon Castles and the Bass Rock. The beautiful Waverley district, to which Sir Walter's romantic novels have given the name, is the most

attractive locality; so over good roads down by Gala Water, to Galashiels, the ruins will soon be reached where

"The monks of Melrose made gude kail
On Fridays when they fasted,
Nor wanted they gude beef and kail
As long as their neighbours' lasted."

From Galashiels the first visit will be to Abbotsford, on the south bank of the Tweed, where much of the interior of the house will be found to present the same appearance as in Sir Walter's time. How the author of Waverley loved Abbotsford may be realised by the remark he made upon his last return home: "I have seen much, but nothing like my ain house." The house is designed in a most delightfully fantastic manner; seen in its gardens, through the elegant screen at the eastern side, it is very charming; there have been additions in recent times. The museum contains his "gabions" and other reliques.

Another three miles and Melrose is reached, then Dryburgh Abbey, the last resting place of Scott, and a further ten miles on, Kelso. Thence it is a short run to Coldstream on the Border; Roxburgh is only three miles off, and Jedburgh is quite near. Here the tourist has the choice of making for Hawick,



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A PRETTY CORNER.

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and over the Border to Carlisle, or continuing his tour through the Lowlands, by steering for Selkirk. About half-way along St. Mary's Loch, the largest lake in the Waverley district, there is a route up Megget Water, with Broad Law, 2,754ft. high, near at hand; then down by Talla Water to Crook Inn. But the most favoured way is up a steep hill, to Birkhill, then down Mosfet Water, by the Grey Mare's Tail, to Mosfet. Beattock is only a little way off, on the Glasgow and Carlisle road, whence there is a twenty-five mile "coast" on the way to the latter city.

But to continue the tour, go by Annan Water and through the "Devil's Beef Tub," a deep glen, then down Tweed Dale, by Crook Inn, before mentioned, to Broughton, and on to Biggar, not far from Lanark, which Roman Station—surrounded by Agricola's camp—can be reached direct or round Tinto Hill. Around Lanark there is much to see, and the Falls of Clyde must not be overlooked—Corra Linn, with the peculiar mirror effects, Corra Castle, Bonnington Linn, a 30ft. fall, and Cartland Crags, which are 400ft. high. If there when there is a "spate" it is well worth descending "Jacob's Ladder" to view Stonebyres Falls. Still following the Clyde, the original Tillietudlem Castle is passed, and Hamilton is reached, near which are the Duke's magnificent palace and the mausoleum. Cadzow should be visited—the ruined castle in a precipitous gorge of the River Avon, and the herd of wild white cattle, with black muzzles, eyes, hoofs, and horn tips, which wander in the forest, which were fully described and illustrated in one of the early numbers of *COUNTRY LIFE*. Passing Blantyre, where Livingstone was born, and Bothwell Castle and Bridge, a good road leads on to Glasgow.

A pleasant stay may be made in this large city. For the land of Burns, the direct route is to Kilmarnock, where are the famous Burns Monument and Museum, but there is a splendid coast road, through the several watering-places of Wemyss Bay, Largs, Fairlie (noted for yacht building), Ardrossan, and Irvine, and a fairly level stretch follows to Ayr.

It was in Ayrshire, in the "auld clay biggin," near Alloway Kirk, that the great Scottish poet first saw the light; his youth and early manhood were passed within its borders, and here the best of his poems and love-songs were written. His name is intertwined with the national life in a way that few strangers can understand; and his early homes and haunts have become much frequented shrines. The birthplace is a low thatched cottage, and remains nearly as it was when Burns was born, over one hundred and thirty years ago. It is a few miles along the road to Maybole, and close by is the Burns Monument, where are more relics, and a fine view from the top. The "Auld Brig o' Doon," where Tam o' Shanter's mare "left her ain grey tail," and Alloway's haunted kirk, the site of the "warlocks and witches in a dance," are only a short distance away. The beautiful scenery of the Doon has been justly celebrated by Burns:

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?"

The return to Ayr can be made along the road by the coast, crossing, maybe, by the "Auld Brig," which has so long stood the winter floods, when

"From Glenbeck down to the Ratton Key
Auld Ayr is just one lengthened tumbling sea."

There are many other classic spots: Sorn Castle amid romantic surroundings; Mossgrel, the grotto marking the spot where the love lyric, "The Bonnie Lass of Ballockmyle," was inspired by the vision of Miss Alexander; Coifield, associated with "Highland Mary"; Tarbolton and Mauchline.

From Ayr the tourist has the choice of two routes: down the valley of the Nith, for further Burns investigations at Dumfries; or along the coast road to Stranraer or Port Patrick for Ireland. By the former there is a good road, on the rise to Cumnock, whence it bleaks to Sanquhar, but there is splendid scenery, all along the wooded valley of the Nith, through Thornhill to Dumfries.

This town is poetically called the "Queen of the South," and its "patron saints" are Bruce and Burns. The poet wrote a great number of his songs whilst dwelling here, and the street in which he lived is called after him. There is then a splendid run by Annan—a little way north, at Ecclefechan, Thomas Carlyle was born and buried—to Gretna.

Gretna Green will always be associated with runaway marriages; but the bonds, in this first village over the Border, were never performed by the black-

smith, and how that belief has obtained credence it is difficult to trace. Another fallacy is that of high fees, the most that was ever paid being £100. Marriages were effected at Gretna Green for a period of some one hundred years. In 1849 an Act of Parliament was enacted, necessitating a six weeks' residence in Scotland; this at once put a stop to "haste-to-the-wedding" couples coming from the South. From Gretna it is almost a dead level to Carlisle.

Following the alternative route, by Burns Cottage and over the new bridge spanning the Doon (the "Auld Brig" being reserved for pedestrians), it is a hilly road that leads along the coast, passing Girvan, with Ailsa Craig out at sea, to Ballantrae. Glen App should be walked down; then along Loch Ryan to Stranraer. The cyclist, bound for the capital or over the Border, will take the road through Newton Stewart, Gatehouse, and Castle Douglas, to Dumfries, whence he will steer for either Beattock, or the road to Gretna, as before noted. It is worth while adding that the shore road from Newton Stewart to Castle Douglas is one of the best and most interesting in the Lowlands; whilst the inland route, *via* New Galloway and Loch Ken, provides a pleasing alternative.

W. J. SPURRIER.



Hudson & Years

Photo. Thomas, THE HON. CORALIE GLYN. 41, Cheapside.

YACHTS OF THE SEASON.

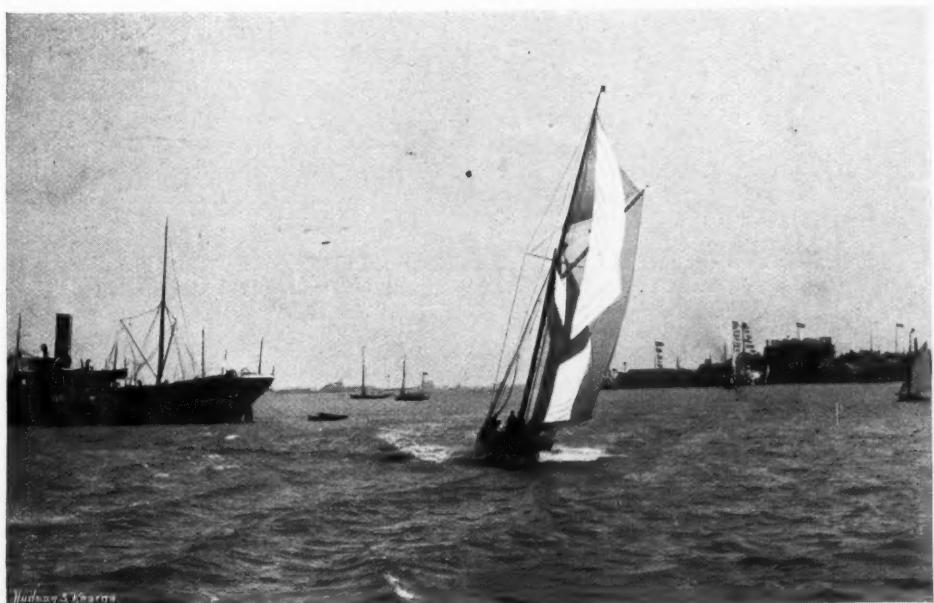


Photo. by C. Hussey.

THELMA.

Copyright—C.L."

OUR smaller illustrations this week portray some incidents on the first day of the recent Harwich Regatta. *Caress*, after a rare dusting, was obliged to give up the struggle; whilst the handicap match was confined to the more sheltered waters of the harbour. In this race first and second prizes were gained by *Thelma* and *Vanity* respectively. The former is rated at 54, and in consequence had to allow the *Vanity* twenty minutes on the course of twenty-two miles. *THELMA* is the property of Mr. H. T. Michels, and was raced last season with some success, for out of fourteen starts she secured four first prizes, two second, and one third. Mr. W. P. Burton is the owner of *VANITY*, which is rated at 40. In 1896 she started on nine occasions, and won five first prizes, to the value of £41.

There have been many inventions for the purpose of preventing vessels of small draught of water making leeway, but the only one that has met with any measure of

success is the centre-board, which was originated by Captain Schank, of Boston, Massachusetts, about the year 1771.

It was only natural to suppose that centre-boards should have been introduced into America before coming to England, as the shallow waters which lay round the East Coast of the United States necessitated sliding keels of some description.

In this country, though numerous experiments have been tried with centre-boards, they have never really been used to any extent in the larger yachts and ships, although they have been found invaluable in boats intended for both rowing and sailing, and in small yachts that have to be used where there is little depth of water.

There has always existed a strong prejudice against centre-boards in the British Navy, and very few boats have ever been fitted with them. When they were first introduced, however, the Admiralty made several experiments with them, and at last, in 1797, built a brig, the Lady Nelson, of sixty tons, which had no less than three sliding keels, but she did not prove a very great success, so, after one more trial, the idea was given up.

During recent years two American racing yachts of the largest class have come over here to compete in the various regattas held round our coasts. They were the Navaho and Vigilant; both had centre-boards. The former, it was said, was built for a cruiser; anyhow, when she arrived here she proved to be anything but a success, and only contrived to carry off a few prizes. Her length was 123ft., with 23ft. beam, draught with centre-board up 13ft., and with it down 23ft. The Vigilant did far better than her compatriot as far as prizes were concerned, but her centre-board was always giving trouble, and most curious rumours were continually being heard about it. At one time it was supposed to have dropped out of its case and to be at the bottom of the Solent, as the chain which was used to pull it up had parted, but on an examination being made it was found clinging to the yacht's bottom, owing to the pivot on which it worked being still intact.

A few of the larger English racing yachts have been fitted with centre-boards, but they have been invariably discarded in a short time. This was the case with the Queen Mab, which was the most successful 40-rater of 1892.

At those places where there are no harbours, and sailing craft have in consequence to be beached, centre-boards are a *sine qua non*, for, in order that a boat may take the ground comfortably, she must be flat bottomed, which means that she will of herself have little grip in the water, and drift rapidly to leeward whilst on a wind. When, however, she is fitted with a centre-board, she obtains the necessary hold in the water, and at the same time, on coming ashore, all that is necessary is to pull up the board.

An additional advantage when sailing in shoal water is that as soon as the centre-board is found to be touching the ground, all that is required is to lift it and alter the course, whilst a keel boat in similar position might remain fast.



Photo. by C. Hussey.

CARESS IN A BREEZE.

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Various descriptions of centre-boards have been tried, and numerous experiments have been made to ascertain if better results are obtained by using more than one board. It has generally been found, however, that a single centre-board is best, and that it should drop at one end only, so that the greatest draught is towards the stern, whilst the fore part works on a pin, which is firmly secured through the keel. The great objection to square centre-boards, which are let down from both ends, is that if a boat strikes the bottom, they, instead of lifting, embed themselves in the mud, or on a hard bottom, and they may easily become bent, which would prevent them from being housed.

There are a few trifling disadvantages to centre-boards. In the first place they take up a certain amount of room; in the second, they are sometimes apt to jam, which is rendered more awkward if the board be down at the time, for then it is necessary to keep the boat afloat until the cause of the obstruction can be discovered and rectified; but this seldom happens in a well-hung board.

Many erroneous ideas exist as regards the value of centre-boards as far as stability is concerned; but it may be safely said that unless they are weighted they do not render a boat the least bit more uncapsizable, for it stands to reason that the more a boat is prevented from making leeway, the greater will the pressure be on the sails, and, therefore, the heel will be increased.

Of course if the board be of iron it will somewhat counteract this tendency. Another argument that is often advanced is that as a boat heels over the centre-board has to lift a certain amount of water, which tends to prevent her capsizing. This is true enough; but, on the other hand, when a boat wants to right herself she has to press that water back before she can come on an even keel.

When a centre-board is in use, an enormous amount of leverage is thrown both on keel and garboards, consequently it is never advisable to fit one to a boat that is not specially constructed to withstand the extra strain.

The BRITANNIA, which we illustrate this week, was built on the Clyde, by Messrs. Henderson, in 1893. Her advent marked a new era in the history of big cutter racing, for, as soon as the Prince of Wales announced his intention of building a racing yacht of the largest class, three new boats quickly followed, viz., the Satanita, Calluna, and the ill-fated Valkyrie II. The Britannia was, however, far the most successful of the four; in fact, it is not saying too much to speak of her as the yacht of the century. Owing to the Valkyrie—Satanita collision in the early part of the season of 1894, the Prince's cutter had, practically alone, to maintain the reputation of English against American yacht building, for in that year the Vigilant came over here after her successes in the America Cup races of the preceding autumn; this she ably performed. Her phenomenal record may in a great measure be attributed to the faultless manner in which she has been sailed by Captain Carter and his crew.

SEAMEW.



Photo. by C. Hussey.

VANITY.

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Hudson & Years.

Photo. by West and Son,

1

BRITANNIA.

Southsec.

COUNTRY HOMES: HOLLAND HOUSE.



Photo, by H. N. King,

THE SOUTH FRONT.

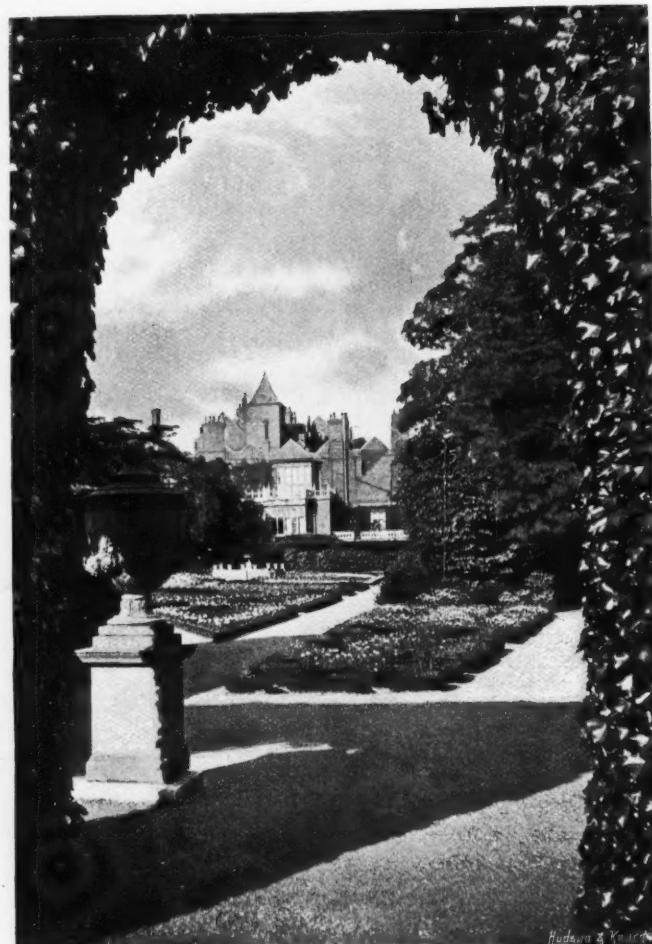
Avenue Road, W.

TO regard Holland House as a "Country Home," we must cast back our minds to the days when Charing was forgetting that it had been a village, and when the long green stretches of Hyde Park brought us to the rural surroundings of Kensington, and to the woods and thickets that bordered the Uxbridge Road. Rare interest attaches to the old mansion in these times, not only because of its fascinating literary and social memories, but because, to all Londoners, it is the visible type of the country seat of former days. As we pass along the Kensington Road, and catch glimpses of it through the trees, the stately old place, we confess, might be neighbour to the country seats of Warwick, Hertford, or Kent. There is a great deal in the decorated pillars and crestings, and the windows and gables of the mansion, that is eminently typical of Elizabethan and early Stuart times. Sir Walter Cope, who built it about the year 1607, employed as his architect the well-known John Thorpe, who worked at many noblemen's mansions in the shires.

In this way the central block of Holland House was raised, with its flanking turrets, while the wings, and the somewhat unusual arcade which distinguishes the frontage, were added by the husband of his daughter and heiress, Sir Henry Rich, afterwards Earl of Holland. The place was much adorned by its new possessor, who made it a centre of rank and fashion, to which the fops and beauties of the Court of James resorted. In the troubles that followed, the Earl steered his course unskilfully, for he was at various times twice confined in his house by both parties in the struggle, and when he had lost his head as a Cavalier in Palace Yard, Westminster, where he appeared in 1649 in satin doublet and silver-laced cap, the stern horsemen of Fairfax were quartered in his hall. It was but a temporary shadow, however, for, if the gossipers speak truth, when the sour-faced Puritans had set themselves to crush natural enjoyments, the players were used to gather secretly at Holland House for the diversion of the noblemen and gentry, who resorted thither in small numbers.

Many notable people, including the first Earl of Anglesey, Catherine Darnley, Duchess of Buckingham, William Penn, and Shippen, the Jacobite, subsequently lived at Holland House, but it did not gain its fame as a literary centre until Addison married, in 1716, the widow of Edward Rich, Earl of Warwick and Holland. At Holland House Addison entertained many literary and political friends, being Secretary of State, and there, it is believed, he befriended Milton's daughter. From the family of Rich, Earls of Holland and Warwick, the mansion passed by sale to Henry Fox, first Lord Holland of a new creation, the astute and able politician who endeavoured to buy majorities, eloped with the daughter of the Duke of Richmond, and seems to have provided well for himself. Charles James Fox, the more celebrated statesman, was his younger son, but it was in the day of Fox's nephew, the third Lord, at Holland House that the place became famous as the centre of a social and literary coterie. Talleyrand, Lansdowne, Melbourne, Wilberforce, Macaulay, Tom Moore, Byron, and Campbell

were among his guests, and he was beloved by all his friends. His house was likened to the home of Socrates, the more so that Xantippe was his lady. It was she who presided at the literary gatherings of which Macaulay has given an excellent picture. She ordered her guests, we read, as a centurion his soldiers. "It is to one, 'Go,' and he goeth; to another, 'Do this,' and it is done; 'ring the bell, Mr. Macaulay'; 'lay down that screen, Mr. Russell, you will spoil it'; 'Mr. Allen, take a candle and show Mr. Cradock the pictures of Bonaparte.'"



Photo, H. N. King, THE DUTCH GARDEN. Avenue Road, W.



Photo. by H. N. King,

HOLLAND HOUSE; THE ITALIAN GARDEN.

Avenue Road W.

Rogers, whose seat is by Inigo Jones's beautiful gateway in the garden, was the exponent of Holland House, and promised to induct Macaulay, a neophyte, into its ways.

Such are a few of the memories that linger about the quaint old mansion. Silence seems to have gathered within it, and it stands amid its old gardens retired from the busy world that surges and rumbles without, powerless as yet to invade its solitude. Its builder still walks in the gilt room, ruefully tenanted the scenes of his greatness, and gruesomely carrying in his hand the head which he lost in the Stuart cause. This is the spacious drawing-room over the hall, which extends from front to back of the house, and has prospects of beautifully-timbered grounds and delightful gardens on both sides. The long gallery, known as the library, has memories of Addison, who is pictured to us walking to and fro shaping his essays, and sipping as he went from a glass placed with a bottle of wine at each end of the chamber. The staircase is greatly enriched with carved balusters, pillars, and panelling, and the house bears the true aspect of former times. Its chambers are hung with many pictures by famous masters. In the "Sir Joshua Room" hang several works by Reynolds, and in the yellow drawing-room and the map and print rooms, and elsewhere throughout the house,

the walls are lined with choice examples of the Italian, Dutch, Spanish, and English schools. There are portraits of Lady Sarah Lennox, whom George III. would have made a queen, of Moore and Rogers, and many more. There is the table, too, that Addison used, and the collection includes many memorials of Mary Queen of Scots and Napoleon. Varied, therefore, are its interests and charms, and it is to be hoped the day foretold by Sir Walter Scott is far distant when the house and grounds will be swept away for the building of streets and squares.

There is perpetual beauty in the noble trees and gardens that surround it. A delightful alcove behind the house was the beloved resort of Rogers, and bears an inscription from the hand of the late Lord Holland :

"Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell
With me those pleasures that he sang so well."

Here the favoured visitor walks under the spreading trees, or through the quaint, well-kept old-fashioned gardens, remembering the statesmen, wits, and beauties who have traversed the paths before him, for Holland House, now a seat of the Earl of Ilchester, has, indeed, the aspect of a bygone age, though standing within earshot of the din and bustle of the town.

JOHN LEYLAND.

MR. LEONARD PILKINGTON'S GREYHOUNDS.

AMONG owners of kennels of Greyhounds it would be impossible to name one whose coursing career appeals more strongly to the genuine lover of the sport than Mr. Leonard Pilkington. No one who has been a visitor to one of the many Altcar meetings during the last five-and-thirty years can fail to call to mind some one or other of the dogs of Mr. Pilkington that made its mark at the meeting of which he was a spectator. There have, of course, been ups and downs of luck for the kennel during the years that the Widnes coursier has been a patron of the leash, and among many promising dogs that have from time to time come out to represent the nomination some have occasionally disappointed expectations when luck has run the contrary way. But a kennel that has twice sent out the winner of the great prize of the leash, the Waterloo Cup, and which carried off most of the great stakes which were given in the days of enclosed coursing, when Gosforth, Haydock, and Kempton Parks were vieing one with the other to secure the patronage of coursers during the winter season, cannot be said to



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PUSHKA.

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Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

PURSUER.

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have otherwise than enjoyed its fair share of the favours of fortune. It was not until some twenty years after first taking up coursing that Mr. Pilkington secured his first Waterloo Cup, in 1888. Previous to that year he had on more than one occasion run into

the last four in the great stake, and two years before winning had "run up" with a very smart little bitch called Penelope II.

It is to repeat a truism to say that there is a lot of luck about coursing. Probably in no department of racing where man, horse, or dog is concerned—in so far as it comes under that classification—does luck enter more into the result than in coursing. A good dog will often struggle through a stake and gain the verdict in the face of bad luck, while a run of good luck will on the other hand often pull an inferior dog through to the finish.

Burnaby, who won Mr. Pilkington his first Waterloo Cup, was by no means appraised so highly by his owner and trainer as other dogs that have at times come out to do battle for the kennel, but that was one of the special occasions when fortune was particularly

kind, and luck certainly ran in a very strong stream for Mr. Pilkington on that occasion.

It will no doubt be remembered that on the occasion of Burnaby's victory the first draw was annulled owing to a postponement over the week end being rendered necessary by very severe frost, which set in about half-way through the month of February. It had originally not been intended to run Burnaby, but the one or two others of his kennel companions who would have been given the preference over him were for one reason and another unable to compete. Mr. Hornby's Herschel, who had divided the Cup in the preceding year, was a tremendous favourite, and Mr. Pilkington's representative, being thought to be below the average of those usually representing the kennel, was an extreme outsider, standing at 40 to 1 on the night of the second draw.

It so happened that coursing was only practicable on the Saturday week after the originally fixed Wednesday, the frost suddenly breaking up on the Thursday. Burnaby, after running an undecided, got through his two first courses on the first day, but he was hard run and a good deal done up, and in



Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THOUGHTLESS BEAUTY.

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ordinary years would probably have been too stiff to come out and do his best in the next round on the following day. But as good luck would have it, the Cup having begun on Saturday, a Sunday intervened. So after a rest Burnaby came out on Monday morning in fine form, and Herschel having been rather hard run in his third course, Mr. Pilkington's dog put the favourite out in his second course on Monday afternoon, and thereby got into the last four.

In the final course he had to meet Colonel North's Duke Macpherson, but though the Duke was the favourite, Mr. Pilkington's black and white dog had the foot of his opponent all the way, and won handsomely.

Our illustrations, which have been specially taken for COUNTRY LIFE, are of the following representatives of the kennel:—

PURISSIMA, by Burnaby—Posada, was a particularly clever performer, and won or divided six stakes in good company.

PUSHKA, by Restorer—Lochlea, is also a very good Greyhound, and won a good stake (the Croxteth Cup) at the Altcar Club Meeting.

THOUGHTLESS BEAUTY, by Herschel—Thetis, is a beautiful brindle bitch, probably one of the very best Greyhounds that ever came to slips. Her performance in the Waterloo Cup of 1895 is so well known as really not to need recapitulation here. A curious coincidence, however, in connection with it may be noted in the fact that it was the only other occasion, besides the Waterloo Cup when Burnaby won, on which, during the time that Mr. Pilkington has been a patron of the leash, the meeting has had to be postponed owing to frost. Thoughtless Beauty's record stands as follows:—She won the Drumlo Stakes at Purdysburn, September, 1894, and the Clifton Cup at the Ridgway Club Meeting, in October of the same year. She won the Waterloo Cup in March, 1895, and the Antrim



Photo. C. Reid. PENNEGANT, PERUGINO, AND THOUGHTLESS BEAUTY.

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Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

PURISSIMA.

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Stakes and the Donald Cup at the North Union Club Meeting in December, 1896. Besides this, she ran into the last four of the Waterloo Cup in 1896, though she was badly amiss before it commenced. Considering this, it was a marvellous performance to get so far through the stake as she did.

PURSUER, by East End—Ballymoney Lass, was certainly the fastest dog of his day, and was quite a champion of the enclosed meetings, where he was never led or beaten, and won or divided six good stakes.

PENNEGANT, by Jim of the Hill—Glenesk, was a very

good dog indeed. He divided the Members' Cup at Altcar, in 1894, and the Netherby Cup at the Border Union Meeting in the same year. He divided the Sefton Stakes at the Altcar Club Meeting in January, 1895, as he did the Waterloo Purse, and also divided the Warburton Stakes at the Heatley and Warburton Meeting, in 1896. He, unfortunately, broke a toe when running for the Netherby Cup, or he would, no doubt, have achieved an even better record than the above.

PERUGINO, by Fitz Fife—Peseta, won the Scarisbrick Cup and other minor stakes.

after-dinner GOLF.

by Horace Q. Hutchinson.



Sketches by R. Andre.



"I WAS at the championship in 1896 at Muirfield," said the colonel, "where Taylor and Vardon halved—tied for first place. Do you remember? And Vardon won in playing off. Well, I looked at Vardon's clubs at that time—they were shorter, lighter, smaller altogether than Taylor's; and yet Vardon was driving the longer ball of the two, on the whole; and certainly he does not look the stronger man."

"I was told," said his nephew, "that it was his putting that gave him the match."

"Gave him the match! So it was."

"Then if he was driving better than Taylor, and also putting so awfully well," asked Master Bob, with the air of one who puts a conclusive question, "how did it happen that the match was such a thundering close one?"

"The game is not all driving and putting, dear Bob. There is such a department of the game as approaching, and in approaching Taylor has the better not only of Vardon, but of almost anyone you may like to name."

"But he is not playing quite so well as he did that year that he won his first championship," I said. "Why is it, do you think?"

"Been thinking too much about the game," said the colonel, in a confident growl. "Been thinking and actually writing about it!"

"Yet Park has written a book on golf, my dear sir," observed the professor, "and Fernie gives lectures, with practical illustrations, and neither have injured their game in the process. It must have been after Park's book was written, though, I admit, before it was published, that he beat Taylor over Musselburgh and Sudbrook Park for a stake of fifty pounds a side. Moreover, I am assured that Willy Dunn, who has lately set up a gymnasium for teaching golf in New York, has greatly improved in his game since I had the pleasure of taking some lessons from him at Biarritz. May we not, perhaps, assume then that in this case, as in others, it is a little knowledge that is a dangerous thing, those who theorise inadequately, wrongly, being misled by their theories; but that, on the contrary, those who have gone thoroughly into the subject have rather improved their game than injured it in the process."

"Why, bless my soul, Flegg," exclaimed the colonel, "you must surely be thinking of writing a book about golf yourself!"

"I must confess myself detected," the professor admitted, with an embarrassed laugh; "you have discovered my guilty secret. It is these long winter evenings in the North," he pleaded, apologetically; "they are too much for me, and yet I cannot think of anything but golf. It was at night, as I lay awake—our good landlady's cake is somewhat heavy—that the notion came to me."

"Wants some of the lead taken out of it, not a doubt of it, Flegg, that cake," the colonel assented, "but, bless my soul, who would have thought that it would have led to such a thing as this? You, my old friend Flegg, among the bookmakers! As if, heaven help us, we had not had enough—with Stewart, Chambers, Clarke, Hutchinson (a hideous offender), Simpson,

Everard, Kerr, Park, and goodness knows how many besides. Tell us about it, Flegg. Make a clean breast of it, man."

Under stress of this solemn adjuration the professor pleaded mildly that he had no intention of approaching the subject in any didactic spirit, or with the airs of a past master. His only idea was something in the historical line. The origin of the game he admitted to be obscured by mists of antiquity, but he saw every reason for the division of the different periods of golf within our ken into three main eras. First, the pre-gutta-perchian, or aristo-golfic era, as he was playfully pleased to style it, meaning thereby the days in which golf was the possession of a favoured few (exclusively Scotsmen), and was played with feather balls. Secondly, he proposed to treat of the early gutta-perchian era, when golf was beginning to feel its way in England along the shores of Devonshire and Cheshire, with some inland support from Blackheath, Wimbledon, and Manchester; and thirdly, the later gutta-perchian, popular or demo-golfic era, reaching from the beginning of the recent golf boom right up to the present day. These three divisions he affirmed to be well and clearly defined, corresponding to real differences in the nature of the game as played at the different epochs.

When he had finished his sketch of the proposed work, Colonel Burscough went up to him and laid an affectionate hand on his shoulder.

"My dear old friend," he said, "I have not the slightest doubt that you would find a good deal of satisfaction in writing this monumental work, and there are those, such as Bob here, and myself, who, out of their warm affection for you, might even buy it—that we should read it is perhaps more than I ought to undertake. But, my dear Flegg, of the unregenerate British public, how many, I would like to ask you, do you imagine would take the slightest interest in it?"

"It should be illustrated, my dear sir," said the professor, humbly, by way of adding to the attractions of his proposal.

"Quite so, Flegg," the colonel rejoined. "Illustrated—and with what illustrations! With reprints of those old golfing pictures that have been reprinted heaven knows how many times already, and with portraits of the grand old men of your pre-gutta-perchian or antediluvian age? And who, may I ask you, of your later demo-golfic age, cares a straw for their ancestors of the time of the feather balls?"

Mr. Flegg shook his head sadly. "You are right, my dear sir. I daresay you are right. Nevertheless, for my own satisfaction, I intend to proceed with my projected work. I thank you immensely for your most kind criticism, and I gather that I may be allowed to put down the name of yourself and Master Robert at the head of my list of subscribers."

It was on the last night of our stay at Nairn that we incidentally elicited this great confession from the professor. On the morrow we went southwards, unimpeded, greatly to Bob's sorrow, by the snow; and it was some months before we met again to play our pleasant games of daily and after-dinner golf.

A GENUINE POINT-TO-POINT.

FROM time to time point-to-point racing has been illustrated and described in our pages, but the meetings have mostly been those where the races have been point-to-point merely in name, having really been of the out-and-home class with roped run-in and a large collection of drags, brakes, and carriages drawn up in line by the side of the ropes. This sort of point-to-point approaches so nearly to the lines of the hunt meetings that it will come as an interesting change to illustrate a genuine point-to-point, where the start took place four miles away from the winning-post, where there was no going over the course beforehand, and the competitors made a bee line for the meadow in which they knew the winning-post was placed.

Our artist, having gone down, by arrangement, to Beckhampton to photograph Galtee More, had his plans frustrated by the prevalence of a cutting east wind, under which Sam Darling naturally would not allow the Derby favourite to be stripped to stand for his portrait, so while waiting until next day in the hope of a favourable change in the weather which unfortunately did not take place, he happened on the Savernake Stag Hounds point-to-point.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE MEET.

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Our illustrations pretty well disclose the conditions under which the race was held. THE MEET was at the Savernake Forest Hotel, where riders had to muster to have their numbers pinned on, under the supervision of the Master, Mr. J. L. Phipps.

There was no enormous concourse at the finish, but our illustration of AT THE WINNING-POST shows a typical country throng of sportsmen, who had for the most part ridden over to see the fun. It will be seen that the winner, who rode in black and white sleeves, did not sport a silk jacket with those colours; but the combination was, at the same time, just as distinguishable as if it had been a jacket of that texture when he came over the last fence into full view of the spectators with a good lead.

The arrangements for WEIGHING-IN were delightfully *al fresco*; all right as it did not happen to rain, but which would otherwise have been decidedly of the damp order. Our illustrations show the winner, Mr. T. Bennett, COMING BACK TO SCALE in charge of the Master of the Savernake Stag Hounds, who was responsible for the conduct of the race, and who took good care to personally superintend every detail, in order that there might be no question about any infringement of the conditions on the certificate. The race was run on a fairly stiff bit of country, over which most of the competitors managed to make their way safely, though no one was able to get within hail of the winner at the finish.

There was only one race on the day, entitled the Savernake Hunt Cup, but it was a very sporting meeting for all that, and the proceedings were characterised throughout by a far more strict adherence to the stipulations of the National Hunt Committee than has very often been the case this season at meetings that have passed under the designation of point-to-point.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

PINNING ON THE NUMBERS.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

AT THE WINNING-POST.

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THE RULES OF THE GAME.

THE GRAND INTERNATIONAL STEEPELCHASE.

OF the many paths, more or less tortuous, which lead to social notoriety, if not distinction, one of the most frequently selected by aspirants who have money and thirst for fame—of a sort—is extensive patronage of the Turf. True, it is by no means so certain a road to that destination as

ostentatious philanthropy, but it is decidedly shorter, and, with luck, often answers the purpose quite as well as the other. On the turf and under it all men are equal. Thus, when for some important racing event the horse of a mine owner or manufacturer, a big brewer, or successful stockbroker, proves a nobler and fleetest quadruped than the representative of a Prince of the Blood or the lineal descendant of a long line of dukes, Society is apt to bestir itself considerably to find out what manner of man it is that has carried off the coveted prize from his aristocratic competitors. When Mr. Josiah Goldshair turned his back on Berringham for ever he made up his mind that he would do something in the social world to make Berringham Society feel their mistake in giving him the cold shoulder. Because the members of the Hunt had preferred to support the Master instead of him, he had taken every opportunity to be offensive to Mr. Ludlow in the few months that he had resided in Berringham after the meeting referred to in the story of the Berryside Point-to-Point.



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had taken place. He even went so far in his antipathy to the Master as to refuse permission, in the early part of the succeeding hunting season, for the Berryside hounds to draw the Manor coverts.

Naturally, the Master was a good deal annoyed at this unfriendly behaviour, but with, for him, unusual reserve Mr. Ludlow said little or nothing on the subject to anyone. Others were not so reticent, and it was principally the rebuffs and snubs that "Joss" met with from his neighbours in consequence of his unsportsmanlike conduct that brought Mr. Goldshair to the consciousness that he could "make no 'edway in the district," and caused him, as stated, to take his departure from Berringham.

Subsequent to the very high-handed way in which he had taken the arrangements of the point-to-point meeting out of the hands of the secretary and the other stewards, on the plea that he would have things done in his own way if his land was used for the races, the Master had written to him to ask him if he was aware of the consequences of the course that he had adopted. But Mr. Goldshair's reply to Mr. Ludlow had been of so curt and offensive a nature that the Master of the Berryside had allowed the matter to drop, and had made no further allusion thereto.

Elated by the success of his two hunters in the Berryside Point-to-Point, "Joss" had announced to a certain Captain Martingale, to whom he had been introduced as experienced in Turf matters, a desire "to do a bit more in that line." He had, in consequence, been strongly recommended by that gallant officer to buy a few steeplechasers for the season that was then in progress, and to especially lay himself out to win races at some of the Hunt and minor steeplechase meetings. This advice, after taking some time to consider, Mr. Goldshair prepared to follow, with, however, the reservation that the minor meetings were not those to which he wished to turn his attention.

It was the second day of the Deepdown Park First Spring Meeting. A very large assemblage had mustered on the course, and the lawns and stands were bright with the spring toilets of the many Society dames and damsels who had come out to lend their countenance to this fashionable function. A new grand International Steeplechase had been instituted



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THE WINNER.

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THE MASTER.

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this year, grander than most races of similar title, in that its value had been increased to the large amount—for a cross-country event—of 1,500 sovereigns, and it was decidedly more than ordinarily international on the present occasion, for Tartine, a noted steeplechase mare from Paris, and Strasburg, one of the best performers ever seen out at Hoppegarten, had both crossed the water to take part in the event.

A good deal of interest had been aroused by the pitting of these Continental cracks against the best home representatives, of whom Hop o' My Thumb, the winner of the Grand National, and Ochone, an Irish mare who had won the big Manchester Steeplechase in the previous season, were both engaged.

Some days before it had been announced that Royalty would be present at the meeting, which possibly accounted for the very large and fashionable attendance that had been drawn to Deepdown on the Saturday afternoon in question. Mr. Goldshair, who was very much on the *qui vive* for an opportunity to obtain social notoriety, and who was, for all his bumptious vulgarity, in some respects decidedly shrewd, saw that here his chance had come. Some three weeks previous to the race he had entered into negotiations for the purchase of one or more of the most prominent candidates engaged. His adviser in Turf matters, Captain Martingale, who thoroughly knew the ropes, strongly advised his purchasing the French mare, Tartine, as neither the owner of Hop o' My Thumb nor Ochone would treat on any terms. These two horses, moreover, held all the home form safe, except, perhaps, it might be a mare called Betsy Trotwood, in at 9st. 12lb., who had shown some fair form during the season, and was said to be a real sticker. As to Strasburg little was known, but Captain Martingale reckoned the French mare to be some 7lb. in front of anything in the race at the weights, unless the German horse should be able to upset calculations. He was, therefore, entrusted by "Joss" with a commission to purchase the French mare and practically given a free hand to buy Tartine if the French people would sell.

For all the commercial instinct of "Jean Bull Anglais," which he continually reviles, no one knows better than a Frenchman how to sell an article which a purchaser particularly desires to have. The pertinacity of the agent of Mr. Goldshair afforded an instance of this, for so persistent was Captain Martingale, that the owner of Tartine opened his mouth very wide indeed when it came to naming the price. Metaphorically "Joss" jumped down the seller's throat, so anxious was he to buy the mare for 3,000 guineas and half the stake if she got home first.

Mr. Goldshair had not amassed an enormous fortune without having mastered the fact that sweet are the uses of advertisement, and while he wisely left the care and all arrangements for the mare's running in the capable hands of Captain Martingale, he himself took care that the fact of the purchase having been made by him with the especial object of winning the Deepdown race should be noised abroad, if not into all lands, at least throughout the length and breadth of all sporting England.

The numbers of the ten competitors coloured on the card for the big race went up some quarter of an hour before the time set for the start, and the pretty paddock was crowded with sightseers, all anxious to take stock of Hop o' My Thumb, Ochone, the German horse, and Mr. Goldshair's recent purchase; between which quartette, by common consent of all the *cognoscenti*, the issue was considered to lie. Hop o' My Thumb was quite at his best, but Ochone looked light. The German horse was not at all liked, but Tartine was on all hands voted a beautiful mare. Enthusiastic students of breeding reeled off pedigrees by the yard to show her Irish descent, and the majority of the Emerald Isle contingent fired off ejaculatory "begorras" at the sight of her, and hurried off to give her the preference over Ochone.

Betsy Trotwood was saddled in a far-away corner of the



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COMING BACK TO SCALE

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paddock, comparatively neglected. Among the group of men standing near her was Mr. Ludlow, the M.F.H. of the Berry-side, talking to young Jack Woodford, his nephew, who was dressed ready to ride.

"You'll have to do all you know to get home in front of the French mare, Jack," said Mr. Walter Woodford as his son got into the saddle, "but I think we shall beat everything else. I reckon we have got 7lb. in hand of Hop o' My Thumb on the Manchester running."

"You need not be afraid of the French mare, Jack," observed the M.F.H. as they walked by the side of Betsy Trotwood for a few yards, "as long as you can beat all the others."

It was a fine betting race. The public pinned their faith to Hop o' My Thumb; the clever division went for Tartine; there

was a large commission for Strasburg; and despite the fact that she was not generally liked in the paddock, so there also was for Ochone. Tartine fluctuated between 9 to 4 and 2 to 1, Hop o' My Thumb being at 3 to 1 nominally, but the price was difficult to get. Strasburg was at 5 to 1 or thereabouts, and Ochone figured between "sixes" and "sevens." Betsy was on offer at 10 to 1, while bar these five there was any sort of price to be had. Indeed some of the ready money men in the outer ring were catching a stray half-sovereign or two by laying the extravagant odds of 100 to 1 against Bulldog, Rattlesnake, and Pansy Blossom, the three outsiders of the party.

There was quite a flutter of excitement as the ten competitors came up the straight passing the stand for the first time. "Joss" was in a condition of much elation. Captain Martingale reported the mare excellently well. He had managed to induce Captain Coolhead, admittedly the finest amateur steeplechase rider of the day, to ride Tartine, and from what those hitherto associated with the mare had told him, he was confident of success. He had backed the mare to win him a rattling good stake, and was quite looking forward to a good win for his patron, Mr. Goldshair, and further inwardly



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WEIGHING-IN.

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congratulating himself on the probability of his obtaining, after the event should come off, the complete control in the future of one of the largest cross-country stables in the kingdom.

The race needs little description. The ragged division were early done with by falls, or else they were outpaced. Passing the stand the second time round, Strasburg was in front, but he was played out before they had gone three miles, and was pulled up after blundering badly, from distress, at one of his fences. Hop o' My Thumb found his Grand National penalty too much to carry home, and Ochone was run to a standstill three furlongs from home. For the last quarter of a mile there were only two left in it, and though Betsy Trotwood looked very dangerous at the distance the French mare had the speed of her all the way up the run home, and passed the post comfortably two lengths to the good.

"Joss" was the centre of an admiring and congratulatory crowd as his mare came back to weigh-in, but his triumph was but short-lived, for her jockey had not passed the scale before Mr. Woodford, the owner of Betsy Trotwood, came in, and,

addressing one of the stewards, observed, "I object to the winner, sir, on the ground that his owner has run a horse at an unrecognised meeting during the last twelve months."

Mr. Goldshair was flabbergasted at the announcement, but the murder was soon out. In his performance at the Berryside Point-to-Point he had by flagging the straight, and the last three jumps, charging for admission to an enclosure, and riding a fourth race over the course, so flagrantly violated every stipulation of the National Hunt as to how these races must be conducted, that the Master, Mr. Ludlow, had been entirely unable to give the necessary certificate for the point-to-point, and the meeting had, in consequence, come under the ban of the National Hunt Committee as an unrecognised meeting.

And that was how the Master of the Berryside Hunt, as the slang saying is, "got his own back," and at the same time gave Mr. Josiah Goldshair a reminder not to take too much upon himself, and, above all things, before he played at racing to learn the rules of the game.

THE EPSOM SUMMER MEETING.



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THE HILL AT EPSOM.

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THE 118th renewal of the Derby Stakes differed but little in its chief characteristics from most of the Derbys that have been run during the last fifteen years. The practice of giving enormous prizes for two year olds, which was commenced thirty years ago by the institution of the Middle Park Plate, and which, in these latter times, has increased to what the owners of those days would have considered a positively fabulous extent, has gradually acted on the classic races, more especially the Derby, by running through the form of the horses engaged so much that in any race nowadays the success of an extreme outsider is an extraordinary rarity. When there is a distinctly moderate lot of three year olds, such as in the last

Jubilee year, or in 1895, and half-a-dozen or so of the horses on form are much of a muchness, the winner may be fairly well backed and yet start at any odds from 10 to 1 to 15 to 1, for the betting is usually fairly open. But when the race is, so to speak, cut and dried, as it was when Ormonde, Ayrshire, Donovan, Isinglass, and Ladas won, and as it seemed to be when La Fleche essayed to beat a dozen colts in 1892, prices are utterly cramped, and unless there happens to be a horse of the class of Sir Hugo in the field, able to take advantage of the luck of the race, it usually resolves itself into a procession of the favourite in front of less than a dozen other horses that have no earthly chance of beating him.

The racing world has seen many changes during the present reign. Old-established meetings have died out, new ones have taken their places, a great deal more money is spent upon the sport than used to be the case, and in many ways the whole system of things has been altered since Phosphorus won the Derby in 1837. One race, however, still maintains its place as the greatest in the world, and Derby Day is still the national holiday of this country.

History is more or less vague as to when races first began to be held on Epsom Downs, though there are authentic records of their taking place there as long ago as 1730. It was not, however, until the year 1779, in which Lord Derby founded the Oaks, and the following year, when the Derby was established, that the Epsom meeting became of any very great importance. From then until now the Derby has gone on growing in popularity, and it would be



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SADDLING OAKDENE.

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GOING OUT FOR THE RACE.

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difficult to estimate correctly the number of people who every year flock to the Epsom Downs on the Derby Day.

The last two Derbys have been of especial interest; that of last year because it was won by the Prince of Wales's horse, Persimmon, and last week's because it took place in the Diamond Jubilee year. This last circumstance it was which gave rise to the prophecy that there would be a record attendance on Wednesday last; and as, probably, there have never been so many people in London since the last Jubilee as there are now, it was only reasonable to suppose that this year's Derby would be watched by the largest crowd ever known. Personally I did not think there were quite so many people there this year as there were last, but it is very difficult to correctly estimate the size of a crowd on Epsom Downs, and I daresay I was wrong, especially as everyone else seems to think that it was the biggest attendance ever seen.

At the same time, it would be idle to maintain that the race this year had anything like the interest it possessed on its last celebration. On that occasion there was, as will be in the memory of all race-goers, a stirring contest between two great game colts, each of the pair a very good horse, a race that will live to all time as one of the best and most interesting on record, and which, being won as it was by the Prince of Wales with a horse of his own breeding, unquestionably gave a very much-needed fillip to the fame of the great Epsom race.

We English are a loyal people, and the fact of the Prince winning the great race of the year was sufficient to arouse the interest of everyone in the country, whilst the certainty that, in the face of the

great favouritism of St. Frusquin, the Prince's horse would have to fight hard for his victory only intensified the anxiety of everyone to be there to see the struggle. What a race it was too, and what a storm of enthusiasm there was when Persimmon was seen to be gradually forging ahead in the last fifty yards.

There was nothing of that sort this year. If ever the Derby was likely to be a one-horse race it was so on this occasion. Never, probably, were the three year olds of any year so uniformly bad as those of 1897 are, and it looked as if nothing but an accident could prevent the only good horse of his year from beating the very moderate lot that would oppose him.

Velasquez, who was such a flying two year old in the early part of last season, was to run, it was true, but Galtee More had beaten him decisively in the Middle Park Plate and the Two Thousand Guineas, and no one could have expected him to turn the tables over a longer distance.

As everyone knows, Galtee More was bred by his owner, Mr. J. Gubbins, in Ireland, and, although Irish-bred horses have for some time past been winning most of the principal races on this side of St. George's Channel, he is the first Irish horse to win the Derby. He is a beautifully-bred colt, by Kendal—who is by Bend Or from Windermere—out of Morganette—Morganette by Springfield from Lady Morgan



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THE PADDOCK.

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AT THE POST.

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—so that he is inbred to Stockwell, and has another cross of Birdcatcher through his paternal grandam. There is a lot of stout blood in this pedigree, and it accounts for Galtee More being such an honest, sensible, sober sort of colt, whilst it is only natural that he should make a rare stayer, bred as he is.

Velasquez is quite a different sort of colt. He is by Donovan, and shows all the speed, the fire, and dash of the Galopins. A nice horse he is, too, all wire and whipcord and use, but lacking the size and power of the Irish colt, and being manifestly without his great stamina. The race resolved itself into a

match between these two, in which the stout blood of Stockwell was too much for the fiery impetuosity of Galopin's speedy descendant.

All the other starters for the race were walking about in the paddock before the race, among these figuring the Prince of Wales's Oakdene, by Donovan from Poetry. All loyal subjects would have liked to see a repetition of a victory in the royal colours, but Oakdene is only a second-class horse, and there was never any chance of his repeating the Persimmon success. Eager was a useful two year old, but he was generally understood to be a non-stayer, as, indeed, he proved in the race. History had been well galloped at home, and is a son of rare old Hampton, but, though he struggled on into a place, he has

no pretensions to be called a Derby horse. Silver Fox and Monterey are possibly useful, but nothing more, whilst Frisson, Angelos, Prime Minister, and St. Cloud II. were obviously outclassed. For all that, it is by no means necessary to decry these horses, as has been done in some quarters, as unfit to appear in a Derby field. Inferior to the best class though they may be, they are unquestionably the best remaining of the three hundred colts and fillies originally entered, and it says a good deal for the sporting spirit of their owners that, even with such a forlorn prospect as there was of any one of them bringing about the defeat of the favourite, they should have been brought out to sport silk, and do honour to the greatest race of the year.

It had been a dull, cloudy sort of morning, but the sun was shining as the eleven starters, led by Galtee More, walked down past the stands, which were so closely packed that it looked as if there would not have been room for one more man or woman anywhere. Next to Galtee More was Eager, looking very short in front compared with the Irish crack, and then came Velasquez, double the size he was at Newmarket on the Two Thousand afternoon, and looking twice the horse he was then. Next



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A BREAK AWAY.

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WAITING FOR MONTEREY.

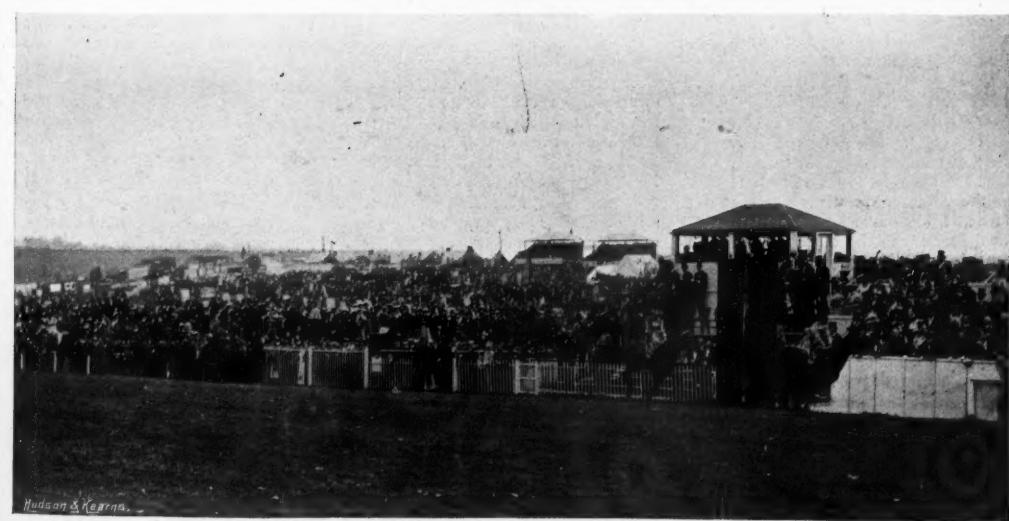
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READY TO GO.

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GALTEE MORE WINS!

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came Angelos, the handsome Monterey, Oakdene (wearing the royal colours), Frisson, St. Cloud II., Prime Minister, History, and Silver Fox.

As they cantered back to the paddock, Galtee More and Velasquez were side by side, and the difference in their styles of going was very marked. The Galopin horse showed all his well-known dash, but he was all the time fighting for his head, and going very high in front, whilst the Stockwell representative was striding along in a calm, resolute fashion, with tremendous power in his hind action, and looking like going on with the same easy machine-like action for ever.

There was very little delay at the post, and in the few false starts that occurred the favourite stood calm and unmoved, as if he quite knew all he had to do, was certain he could do it, and did not mean to put himself out in the least. Prime Minister was first away when the flag fell, and, followed by Oakdene, made most of the running to the top of the hill. The pace was very poor up to this point, which was, of course, all in favour of Velasquez. Coming down the hill the favourite gradually ran through his horses, and came round Tattenham Corner in close attendance on Oakdene, everything else being hopelessly beaten thus early in the race, except Velasquez and History.

As they crossed the road it was evident that bar accidents the Derby of 1897 was destined to go to Ireland. Quietly, but in commanding fashion, Galtee More was stealing along on the rails, and, without any apparent effort, increasing his lead at every stride. Velasquez, though, had still one run left in him. The pace had been so poor that his speed had not yet been exhausted, and at the distance Watts asked him to try and make it tell. It was, however, all of no use. Wood only had to shake the leader up with his hands to make him lengthen out in his stride, and pass the post, with his ears pricked, two long lengths in

front of Velasquez. History was third, about eight lengths behind, the rest following home in a scattered line, though Oakdene created something of a surprise by finishing fourth. The only one I made a note of as likely to do anything of much account in the future, was Mr. J. R. Keene's St. Cloud II., who finished fifth.

The winner and the second were both loudly cheered on their return to the stand, Mr. Gubbins and Sam Darling coming in for much congratulation on being the owner and the trainer of such a good horse.

It is to be hoped that Galtee More will again be seen out at Ascot, where he is engaged in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, and it now looks only a question of health and soundness for him to add the St. Leger to his Derby and Two Thousand victories.

It is a pity that the son of Kendal is not entered in the Eclipse Stakes, in which Persimmon is engaged, for a meeting between the Derby winners of 1896 and 1897 would have drawn all the Turf world to see it.

T. Y. C.



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LEADING IN THE WINNER.

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FROM THE PAVILION.

THE weather has been playing most strange vagaries. At Liverpool one day they had but thirty-five minutes' cricket on account of the rain, while on the same day at Lord's there was no interruption. On the whole the weather has been a deal more pleasant, from the Pavilion's point of view, at all events, and it has brought batting averages and bowling analyses into something more like a reasonable ratio. A sprinkling of rain makes such a difference. A week or two ago there was talk of heightening the stumps, now, with equal reason, one might discuss broadening the bat. Oxford, especially, cut up very badly before the Surrey bowling in the first innings, though they played a losing battle bravely in the second; but with Mr. Jessop bowling very well both for his county and his University, the prospects of the Dark Blues do not look bright for the forthcoming match at Lord's. Mr. Leveson-Gower, the old Oxford captain, played a very good innings for Surrey on the ground where he was, until lately, at home. The Philadelphians began their tour with the Oxford match in good heart. They all arrived fit and well. A deal of Gloucestershire's success against Surrey—notable for the fact that it is the first win the Western County have scored at the Oval for twelve years—was due to their getting Mr. Jessop to play for them. He was well assisted in the bowling by Mr. Townsend and Roberts, and his knocking up of something like thirty runs in the second innings, when runs were hard to get, did a deal to settle the business. It is good to see two strong counties like Gloucestershire and Essex depending for the best of their bowling on amateurs. It is a department of the game that has too much inclined to fall into professional hands. Middlesex and Lancashire made a good finish, in spite of the wet Tuesday at Liverpool, the wicket aiding bowlers, of whom Mold, at the end, took best advantage of it. Taking the match throughout, however, J. Hearne had the best analysis; but he, we are told, has been bowling at some Indian Rajah, with lakhs of rupees on the wicket, all the winter. Hampshire made a good fight—second innings—against Yorkshire, Mr. D. A. Steele hitting finely; but the champion county were altogether too good for them. Notts and Kent, Warwickshire and Derbyshire played drawn games, of which the first ended on fairly level terms, but Derbyshire had the whip hand of their opponents. The latter county were a little unlucky to lose by so fine a margin to Lancashire; but what a match it must have been! Walter Sugg played an invaluable innings of 48 for the losers, but Cuttell's 17 not out at the very end of the Lancashire side's batting deserves almost equal praise. For a bowler to make the runs required, and just when they are required so badly, is something of a feat. He got a wicket or two, too, but Briggs it was that bore off bowling honours in the match. Mold, however, heads the bowling analyses, with Dench, who has bowled fewer overs, in attendance. Despite the early promise of the Notts colt, Staffordshire got him out for “specs” when they defeated Notts at Stoke-on-Trent, getting the losers out in the fourth innings of the match for the strictly moderate total of 43. They had scored but 62 themselves in their second innings, but it was enough. With the weather in its doubtful mood this match was marked by bowlers' triumphs, while elsewhere the batsmen kept fielders busy. There was big scoring on the fine wicket at Lord's when Middlesex and Gloucestershire met. Mr. Hayman, Mr. Warner, Mr. Webbe, Mr. Kitcat, and Wrathall all scored freely, but all were eclipsed by the grandly-hit 150 of Mr. Ford's second innings, following a most useful 66 in the first innings. None of the brothers Ford have been in the habit of letting the ball hit the bat while at the wicket, and while Mr. F. G. J. “stays” things are generally lively; but he never hit more finely than in this match, which Middlesex drew with the balance in their favour. A huge score of Mr. N. F. Druce made the match of the Twelves against the Sixteens at Cambridge notable. This is the second double century that he has scored this year. The Dark Blues will certainly have no excuse for falling into that fatal error of despising their enemies when the battle is set in array at Lord's.

LONG-SLIP.

ON THE GREEN.

J. H. TAYLOR, our champion for two successive years, and dead heater with H. Vardon for our last year's Open Championship, has been having a very hard time of it lately. He did but poorly in this year's great event at Hoylake, for one thing; then he suffered defeat, after a very close fight, at J. White's hands, on the neutral green of Woodside. This must have been a most pleasant victory, by the bye, for White, who has played Taylor so often, has fought him so well, but never, if we remember rightly, has got to windward of him before. Both White and Taylor seem to have been perplexed by the keenness of the green and the hardness of the course at Hoylake. The former made no return, soon resigning the struggle, and Taylor was, for him, far down the prize list. Even so the tale of Taylor's misfortunes is not complete, for more recently he has played his old foe, Herd, a thirty-six hole exhibition match at Hythe, and been worsted by the heavy balance of six holes. The winner seems to have played remarkably well, being round in a score of 76 the first round, and 78 (approximated) the second; but even so he ought not to have gained so many holes from Taylor, who contented himself with going round in something like a sober bogey score. Of course, if golf were like other games, we should say that Taylor was past, that his hand had lost its cunning, and should put him up on a shelf, along with other fossils, labelled “Champion of 1894 and 1895.” But golf is so unlike other games in the lapses that the best and most consistent of its players suffer, that we may prophecy, with as much certainty as we may bring into any human matter, that Taylor will come down off the shelf again and be a force for the very best to reckon with. “Old Tom” Morris had a wonderful “Indian summer” of his golf, and even yet he can play a fine game. You can no more safely shelve a man till he has ceased to play than you can call a match lost till it is won.

Mr. T. W. Legh, in an article in *Badminton*, notices a quaint golfing fact that scarcely comes within the province of “On the Green,” for it is a fraud perpetrated “on the brown” rather—where the green is generally sun-burnt clay or dusty sand—the facility and absolutely Oriental immorality with which the bare-foot caddies of the Egyptian links pick the ball of their master from a bad lie and place it on the smooth with their toes—a stroke of *lèger-de-pied* difficult to detect. Even this, however, is scarcely a match for the *finesse* of the little girl caddies of Guernsey, who spit on the ground and make the sign of the cross above the line of an opponent's putt to prevent the ball going in. But this requires, for its efficacy, the faith of a Christian and a Catholic, which is not given to the little boys of Cairo.

Mr. H. Forster has been waiting a long while for his fate in the final of the Parliamentary tournament; and it is now apparent that he will have the hard task of meeting his leader, Mr. A. J. Balfour, who has met nothing at all in the shape of a check except a dead heat, which he afterwards converted into victory with Mr. John Penn. For the rest his progress has been triumphal, and, without doubt, he plays a greatly better game than when, with a handicap of 16, he won this tournament a few years ago. His victim in the antepenultimate heat was Mr. A. J. Robertson, the editor of *Golf*, a fine player, who essayed in vain to give Mr. Balfour four strokes, and in the semi-final the latter had a moderately easy victory over Mr. Seton-Karr. Prophesying at golf is a poor business, with uncertain returns, but if one were obliged to make a forecast one would predict that Mr. Forster would not be so ungallant as to defeat his Leader in the House.

There seems to be no uncertainty, however, about the returns of Mr. H. Hilton, who put in an excellent 79 at Hoylake in the competition for the third optional subscription prize, beating by a stroke his old antagonist, Mr. John Hall. These heavily-handicapped ones, however, could not get to the top of the nett score list, which Mr. Dod headed, winning both subscription prize and monthly medal at a nett 86, with three strokes allowed. Mr. T. Crowther was a good second.



MONDAY: Essie flew into my room this morning, flung herself down into the only chair which really suits me, and said solemnly, "I must have a rope of pearls. I have just seen a woman looking absolutely lovely in a grey crêpe de chine gown, with a string of pearls hanging down to her knees. I have the grey crêpe de chine gown, and I must have the pearls at once. Come with me to buy them." Essie is a woman who must be obeyed, so I abandoned my thoughts of a nice quiet morning with Mrs. Barry Pain's "St. Eva," and personally conducted her to the new establishment of the Parisian Diamond Company, at 143, Regent Street. Such a pretty shop they have there - it is like a saloon, fitted with couches and chairs, the ceiling painted with a lattice of leaves, and a little apartment at the end where the trying-on process may be proceeded with unobserved.

The "Orient" pearls are the only ones which deceive anyone into thinking them real, and I suggested, when we had seen a rope of these, that the lady in whose footsteps of extravagance Essie was following was undoubtedly wearing them. Essie thought it impossible; she thinks she knows everything. There is no subject on earth or Heaven about which she will not give an opinion, and vow it is right, too. In this case I have no means of judging of her perspicacity, but I have not been brought up to believe in her with a perfect faith. A rope of Orient pearls was in Essie's possession about ten minutes after we had arrived at that establishment, and she instantly put them on, although I assured her they were not the proper complement to a blue serge gown; still, she had the grace to tuck them in,

during which process I had the privilege of buying a set of buttons set with diamonds, for which I have been yearning for many months to complete my pale blue tea-gown with its spotted net fichu. This has been crying aloud for these buttons, but I had not met them under sufficiently attractive circumstances until this morning. I shall add to my other benedictions one of thanksgiving to this enterprising company for thus giving me an opportunity of gratifying my little desires.

Then Essie took me to buy some lace to make collar-bands and frills to accompany these pearls. The whole of her life is going to be devoted now to their aggrandisement, but she is quite right in saying that pearls never look so well as they do against cream-coloured lace of a good quality. They also have charms against a background of pale blue ribbon.

We had wonderful ices to-day in a new shop in Bond Street—apricot and vanilla, a lovely combination—and we ate them sitting on a gold cane couch with pale green velvet cushions, in a room panelled with oak, with a white carved ceiling. To eat a beautiful ice in beautiful surroundings satisfies one of my many ideals of a perfect life.

TUESDAY: I want three sailor hats, and it is an extraordinary and most annoying fact that the kind is rare if you seek it unadorned. You may buy a sailor hat much trimmed, but if you go seeking for the untrimmed variety amiable assistants will put on their most persuasive smile, introduce you to the French sailor hat, which has a brim of uneven widths, or to the latest variety of English sailor hats with the crown considerably higher at one side than at the other, and will tell you blandly that



GREY STRAW AND TULLE HAT.

WHITE CHIFFON HAT, WITH PINK ROSES AND WHITE FEATHERS.

IN THE GARDEN.



PINK PIQUE DRESS.

"these are much worn." How I hate a shop assistant who will instruct me in the fashions, but I always smile at her affably and explain to her that it is because a thing is much worn that I do not want it, whereupon she regards me as an unappreciative lunatic, and ceases to try and find me what I require. The ordinary plain Panama hat in the sailor shape I have been hunting for, untrimmed, two hours this morning. I want to decorate one of these after the style of a French hat which pleased me immensely last week. This had a wreath of pale yellow roses and white London pride, and rested on a bandeau at one side of the front covered with a black velvet bow. I cannot find the plain Panama hat and I cannot find the London pride. Life is a dreary blank! Another Panama hat I wish to trim with two folds of pale blue ribbon and two bunches of mauve violets. Then a third I am anxious to decorate with a roll of black chiffon on the brim and three shades of red chiffon round the crown, fastened with a group of shaded pink quills, but I have first to catch my plain Panama hat. Knightsbridge is the only district I have not tried, and if I cannot get it there it will be the last straw which will not break the camel's back, but will exhaust my belief in the intelligence of English shopkeepers.

WEDNESDAY: Hurrah! I have discovered it, my patience is rewarded. I spent twelve shillings in hansom cabs, but I have found the plain Panama hat. To prove my devotion to Woolland Brothers I shall open an account there, and if they are sufficiently devoted to me to let it run many years we shall be the best of friends. Will they? Here I not alone discovered Panama hats, but I discovered the London pride. It was not exactly cheap, though, when I did meet it—it cost fifteen shillings for two little bunches. But what are fifteen shillings if you really want anything? And my hat looks quite charming. I have only completed one—the others are joys for my immediate future. I had to put this on and wear it before I could sit at home and devote myself to its rivals.



Photo., C. Dixon.

Kensington.

THE PERENNIAL CANDYTUFT (*Iberis sempervirens*) AND PURPLE ROCK CRESS (*Aubrieta deltoidea*) IN THE ROCK GARDEN.

THE charming garden view shown above teaches a great lesson—that in the formation of a rock garden it is not stones one desires, but flowers. In the illustration this is clearly exemplified, masses of the Candytuft and Rock Cress running riot over the surface as if on their native slopes. I shall have, at a more seasonable time for making a rock garden, much to say concerning this charming aspect of English gardening.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN BRAMBLE.

A lovely bush in flower is the Bramble of the Rocky Mountains, *Rubus deliciosus*, an apt name for a shrub so charming in form and flower. Its graceful shoots bear pure white flowers, similar to those of the wild hedgerow Rose in form, colour, and fragrance. The shrub grows about four feet in height, and flowers with great freedom each year. The writer noticed a thriving specimen on the grass in the Royal Gardens at Kew lately—exactly the spot to show its graceful beauty to advantage. Plants of this character are utterly spoilt if overshadowed by other things. In cold Northern counties the Rocky Mountain Bramble should be grown against a wall, as it loves warmth.

TUBEROUS BEGONIAS.

These showy summer garden plants may be safely bedded out now, and, therefore, if purchases have still to be made, let this be seen to at once. The Begonia has been so much improved that almost every conceivable shade of colour can be obtained, from purest white to softest rose, whilst in no flower are buff and orange hues so rich and distinct. The best effects are gained by boldly using one self colour or shades of the same, edging the bed with a variety in agreeable contrast to it. The single kinds are the most satisfactory, and the plants are now compact in growth, with the flowers well thrown up above the base of leafage. The *semperflorens* Begonias have smaller flowers, more freely produced than the tuberous kinds, but they are not so effective. Seed may be obtained now in assorted colours, the seedlings reproducing the exact shade of the parent. As the seed must be sown in heat in January it is, of course, necessary to purchase plants, unless a stock has been already acquired.

THE HARDY AZALEAS.

Readers of COUNTRY LIFE blessed with large gardens and woodlands should make careful note of the glorious hardy Azaleas, in their full beauty at the present season. The writer hopes that if readers are without these flowering shrubs in their gardens they will not delay planting them freely in clearings in woodland, by the sides of drives, or in the open garden. The Azalea presents many beautiful features; its growth is spreading and leafy, the foliage turns to brilliant hues in the autumn, and in June occurs the festival of flowers which flood the garden with spicy odours. During many years Mr. Anthony Waterer, of Knaphill, Woking, has been raising seedlings to gain not only variety in colouring but a flower of improved form. His hopes have been greatly realised. In no family of shrubs is there a wider series of colours which are richer and more charming in the subdued light of a woodland clearing.

SOIL FOR HARDY AZALEAS.

Azaleas delight in loam or loam and peat, a similar soil to that Rhododendrons enjoy. A quiet nook where they are sheltered from winds is necessary, and against a leafy background the flowers are protected from late frosts and gain in intensity of colouring.

THE CHINESE GUELDER ROSE.

A very beautiful shrub in full beauty this week is *Viburnum plicatum*, the Chinese Guelder Rose. Everyone who cares for flowers knows our graceful kind, *V. Opulus*, but the Chinese species is more spreading, its strong shoots clothed with deep green wrinkled leaves, almost hidden now beneath the burden of dead white flower clusters. A bed or group of it on the grass shows the distinct beauty of the shrub to advantage, and it is quite hardy. Another way to use it is as a wall shrub.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—With a view to assist our readers in gardening as much as possible, we shall be pleased to answer any questions on flowers, fruits, vegetables, or the laying out of gardens, addressed to the Editor. An addressed stamped envelope must be enclosed for reply.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.



Photo, L. W. Green.

GROUP OF CARTER'S SHOW CALCEOLARIAS.

Copyright—"C.L."

THE greatest flower exhibition in these Isles is the display that now takes place yearly in the Temple Gardens, under the auspices of the Royal Horticultural Society. As we announced in COUNTRY LIFE last week, the show recently held was the finest, in every way, that has taken place, and public interest in the event increases, if one may judge from the uncomfortably crowded tents and grounds during the three days. The love for gardens deepens each year in this land of flowers, and it is our desire to give prominence to this health-giving and thoroughly English pastime in COUNTRY LIFE. With this object in view we give in our present issue illustrations of some of the leading displays made by nurserymen and amateur gardeners of eminence, and embracing a variety of flowers.

The Orchids were a splendid show in themselves, and contributions



Photo, L. W. Green. THE FAMOUS ORCHID FROM SANDERS, OF ST. ALBANS (Cattleya Reineckiana). Copyright—"C.L."



Photo, L. W. Green.

SPECIMEN CLEMATISES IN POTS FROM RICHARD SMITH & CO., WORCESTER.

Copyright—"C.L."

We wish space permitted us to

come from the richest English collections. We give an illustration of the rare and beautiful Cattleya Reineckiana from Messrs. Sander, of St. Albans, which shows the most perfect specimen in the country. Its flowers are pure white relieved by a purple suffusion on the lip. Richly coloured is Lælio-Cattleya The Queen, of which Messrs. Sander possess the only plant; its handsome flowers are intense in colour, shades of rose and deep purple. Many other gems, too, came from the St. Albans collection, whilst mention must be made of such exhibits, from the same place, as the fine-leaved plant, Dracena Godseffiana. The Cheltenham grower, Mr. J. Cypher, showed a delightful mass of Lælias and Cattleyas, and well-known nurserymen as Messrs. B. S. Williams, of Upper Holloway, Messrs. Hugh Low and Co., Upper Clapton, Charlesworth and Co., Heaton, Bradford, and J. Laing and Sons, Forest Hill, S.E., were represented by superb displays.

enter more into detail respecting the princely exhibit of Baron Schroeder, The Dell, Egham, who has, perhaps, the most valuable private collection in the world, or the scarcely less interesting group from Sir Trevor Laurence, Bart., Burford Lodge, Dorking (president of the Royal Horticultural Society), but another opportunity may present itself for referring to these possessions.

Brilliant masses of colour were made by such well-known indoor plants as Gloxinias, Calceolarias, and tuberous Begonias. We have visited many exhibitions in all parts of England and the Continent, but never witnessed a display of Gloxinias—comprising over 400 plants—more splendid in colour and form than those from Messrs. Sutton and Sons, of Reading. We are pleased to show a portion of this memorable group. An illustration is also given of the extensive and interesting collection of florists' flowers, as Gloxinias and Calceolarias, from Messrs. J. Carter and Co., the well-known nurserymen of High Holborn. The herbaceous Calceolarias were faultless in growth and form, the plants, dwarf and crowded with the big pouched flowers, seen only in the finest strains, as gardeners call a selected race of seedlings. The colours were rich and delightfully varied, though we enjoy most the self varieties, or those of one distinct and pretty shade. Gloxinias, Calceolarias, Cannas, and tuberous Begonias were shown by Messrs. H. Cannell and Sons, Swanley, Kent, each flower represented in splendid condition. The tuberous Begonias of Mr. T. S. Ware, Hale Farm Nursery, Tottenham, a portion of whose group we show, Messrs. J. Laing and Sons, and Mr. H. J. Jones, the well-known Chrysanthemum grower of Lewisham, call for little comment. Their several races of this flower are typical of what has been accomplished by skilful hybridisation. Few families are more beautiful in colouring or show richer series of tints than this, while the plants are, moreover, easily grown.



Photo, L. W. Green. ROCKFOILS (*Saxifraga*) IN THE GUILDFORD HARDY PLANT COMPANY'S GROUP. Copyright—"C.L."

One of our illustrations shows a portion of the artistic group of flowering shrubs and hardy plants from Messrs. J. Veitch and Sons, King's Road, Chelsea, who had a charming display of the easily-managed *Streptocarpus*, which is like a Gloxinia in expression, as varied in colour, but less waxy in texture. An interesting collection of Peas in pots came from this firm too.

A delightful feature always of the Temple Show is the exhibition of hardy flowers, those glorious perennials that colour border and woodland from spring unto a tumn. Rock plants were represented as growing

naturally on some alpine slope, with a commendable absence of prominent "stones." We are learning more about the formation of rock gardens, which should not be mere heaps of stone or unpleasant substitutes, such as cement. We give an illustration of the exhibit of the Guildford Hardy Plant Company, showing how charming is the *Saxifraga MacNabiana* when naturally planted. Meritorious also was the display made by the famous York nurserymen—Messrs. Backhouse and Son, Messrs. Cheal and Son, Crawley; Fisher, Son, and Sibray, Sheffield; Kelway and Sons, Langport (the Peonies and Irises were splendid); Mr. W. Pritchard, Christchurch, Hants; and Mr. B. Ladham, Shirley, Southampton, had hardy flowers in abundance. A remarkable collection of the now popular Pansies from Messrs. Dobbie and Co., of Rothesay, was a welcome feature.

Visitors who knew hardy plants well found a mine of interesting flowers in the large group of Messrs. Wallace and Co., of Colchester. The exquisite *Calochorti* (Mariposa Lilies) for which this firm is famous were represented by such dainty kinds as the yellow *C. pulchellus*. Those who care for these



Photo, L. W. Green. MALMAISON CARNATIONS FROM THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S GARDENS. Copyright—"C.L."



L. W. Green T. S. WARE'S DOUBLE TUBEROUS BEGONIAS. Copyright.



L. W. Green, FLOWERING SHRUBS FROM THE MESSRS. VEITCH. Copyright.

hardy warmth-loving bulbs should visit the nursery when in their beauty in late June, or make note of them at the many exhibitions in the Drill Hall, James Street, Victoria Street, London. Spanish Irises in pots, Lilies, and a rare collection of Hardy Orchids were in this exhibit. A large space was occupied with the hardy flowers from Messrs. Barr and Sons, King Street, Covent Garden. Irises, the splendid late Tulips, Peonies, and many other beautiful plants came from this firm.

It is impossible, of course, to mention everyone who showed plants or fruit at this unique exhibition, but the Carnations from the Duke of Marlborough's Gardens, Blenheim Palace, must receive notice. The varieties consisted of the beautiful Carnation Princess of Wales and the yellow Duchess Consuelo, the plants grown to perfection.

The luscious display of fruit from the Messrs. Rivers, of Sawbridgworth; the Roses from Messrs. William Paul and Son, Waltham Cross; G. Paul and Son, Cheshunt; George Mount, Canterbury; and W. Rumsey, Waltham Cross; Clematis from Messrs. Jackman, of Woking; and Richard Smith and Co.,



Photo, L. W. Green.

MESSRS. LAING AND SONS' GROUP OF ORCHIDS.

Copyright—"C.L."



Photo, L. W. Green.

SPANISH IRISES FROM MESSRS. WALLACE & CO., OF COLCHESTER.

Copyright—"C.L."

Worcester (see illustration); and the intense blue Leschenaultia from Messrs. Balchin and Sons, Hassocks Gate, near Brighton, added greatly to the beauty of the exhibition.

The Ferns from Messrs. Birkenhead, Sale, near Manchester, and H. B. May, Upper Edmonton, were a welcome relief to the blaze of flowers.

We noticed in a corner of one of the tents a bowlful of Nymphaeas (Water Lilies), apparently a variety called Robinsoni, of richest crimson colour and a living jewel seen fully expanded in the sunshine. Under a tent, however, this exquisite family, now comprising many hybrids of lovely colours, is never seen to advantage. The flowers close up in the shade, and a few specimens in a bowl, without leafage, give a miserable idea of their splendour on the lake or pond surface. We allude to this exhibit, as the Nymphaeas have been lately praised in COUNTRY LIFE, and seen thus might create a false impression.



Photo, L. W. Green.

MESSRS. SUTTON AND SONS' PRIZE READING GLOXINIAS

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A MOST NOTABLE BOOK.

BY AN IDLE READER.

THE SULTAN AND HIS SUBJECTS. By Richard Davey. London: Chapman and Hall.

CORDIAL and sincere as is my appreciation of the merits of Mr. Richard Davey's timely book, which, coming from the pen of a writer almost unknown to fame, has secured words of willing praise in many well-informed quarters, it shall not be written here that its author has added to the sum of human knowledge. None but scientific enquirers like Darwin or Newton, men who discover by observation the operation of Laws of Nature that were not understood before their time, or men who, like my poor friend Theodore Bent, who has recently died in the prime of life, discover old and valuable facts which the world, even the antiquarian and learned world, has forgotten, in inscriptions of which the key seemed entirely lost, really place themselves in a position from which they may succeed in adding to the sum of human knowledge. But apart from human knowledge comes general knowledge, and that man, it seems to me, deserves to be rewarded with public gratitude who, after digging out from mines of learning accessible to all gems which were concealed from the general view, so displays them to the world as to make men anxious to possess them. For, be it observed, the principal merit and unique virtue of your gem of knowledge is that it gives to its owner no pleasure until the ownership of it is shared with the world; and in proportion to those who share that ownership is not only the honest pride of the discoverer, but also the value of the gem itself.

To carry on the figure, then, the setting of the gem, particularly if it be literary or historical, is a matter of the first importance, and the man who, having accumulated vast stores of learning, is incapable of displaying them in such a form as to grip the attention of the cultivated but incurably idle reader, does not add to the sum of general knowledge so much, does not in effect make his gem half so valuable, as the man who, to a fair stock of information, adds the power of conveying it in an attractive form. On this principle I hold the late Mr. Froude, who made many mistakes in writing historical works which can be read with thrilling interest, to have added more to the sum of general knowledge, and to have been more beneficial in his generation, than the eminent bishop who wrote, and, for all I know to the contrary, continues to write, books which nobody outside the tyranny of examinations ever reads, and nobody remembers after that tyranny is overpast. As Froude was to Stubbs, so Mr. Davey is to some much more learned and much more philosophical writers upon the Eastern Question. His transcendent merit, the rarest in the world, is that he compels attention by the lively spirit of his writing, and that, interest having been thus stimulated, fruitful thought is compelled as of necessity.

A stern critic, a schoolmaster, or a college tutor, intent on orderly sequence of thought, might blame our author for lack of system; a very learned man might pick holes in his work; but no man of sense can deny that, systematic or unsystematic, accurate or inaccurate, it leaves on the mind a series of impressions deep and clear, and that the mind, bitten by those impressions, is better prepared than it was before to understand the complexities and to appreciate the issues of the Eastern Question. Nor has any man or woman been heard to question but that the whole book makes excellent reading and is far more entertaining than almost any modern novel. It is more tolerable to spend an evening with Mr. Davey among the Mollahs, the Ulemas, and the Dervishes, and to rise knowing something about them, than in the company of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Robert Elsmere, and to rise (from sleep before a dead fire) knowing nothing about anything. Mr. Davey's book is, in fact, an agreeable miscellany, in which the thoughts and observations of a watchful and clever man are recorded as they come to mind, a fascinating guide-book by the aid of which one may walk in the spirit in a strange and beautiful country, and in the society of an extraordinary people.

Mr. Davey, it seems to me, is no partisan. He will not join hands with those who would give the Turk no mercy; neither is he a rabid Philo-Turk. He simply glances at the history of the Ottoman Khalifate, at the characteristics of the Sultan's Mussulman subjects, at the tremendous organisation of the Harem; he lays before us an exposition of the extraordinary relation between the dynasty and the religion which is the very breath of life to the people, if it be not their death in life. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, we understand the depth and the permanence of the conservatism of Turkey. It is a conservatism not of politics, for nine-tenths of the people of Turkey do not know what politics are; it is a conservatism not of stolidity, as that of the Chinese is; it is a conservatism not merely founded upon religion, but which is the religion of the Turks. And that religion enters into every moment of the lives of the people; it cannot be changed or modified; it is crystallised, permanent, and omnipresent.

The case seems hopeless. The constitution is essentially monarchical in theory, indeed, even theocratical. A Turkish democracy is a thing inconceivable. The next monarch, who must in the nature of things be the son of a slave-mother, must always be absolutely ignorant of public affairs when he ascends the throne. By virtue of a barbarous decree of Selim II., in 1566, 331 years ago, members of the Imperial family are prohibited "from participating, even in the remotest degree, in public business," and are condemned to rigorous seclusion during the life of the reigning Sovereign.

Three hundred and thirty-one years ago! and under that decree Rechad Effendi, the heir-apparent to Abdul Hamid, is a prisoner of State who plays his piano and draws his little sketches in a gilded cage; his very doctor is searched before he visits him, lest he should smuggle in books or papers. Even a description of his personal appearance is hard to secure. Think again of the earlier years of a Royal Prince; first in the Harem, in charge of mother and nurses, who live in constant terror lest the child should be "done to death" in some mysterious manner by one of her many rivals; then in charge of the Mollah, who pours the Koran into him; and under teachers with mutilated books from which every mention of Christ, and every chapter which so much as mentions revolution, are bodily erased. Think of the man thus trained, thus debarred from all knowledge of the outer world and from all acquaintance with practical life, suddenly called upon to rule a great people.

Corruption, endless corruption, is the feature of Turkish official life; earnest religious feeling, bursting often into fanaticism, is the keynote of the popular life; ecclesiastical influence, in a thousand forms, pervades the whole community; justice is farce; and for commerce the Turk has no aptitude. In a word, the case of reform seems to be entirely hopeless.

All this is from the serious portion of the book, and more might easily be added. But it is time to give an example or two of the wonderful descriptive powers. Here, for example, we see, and almost hear, the howling Dervishes:

"Then the ceremonies commence. The musicians bang away on the

cymbals and tambourines, and begin to cry, as loud as they can, 'Allah Akbar! Ya Allah, ya hu!' The devotees lolling against the wall also begin to roar in cadence and rhythm, beating the measure with their feet, and swaying their bodies to and fro. Louder and louder they cry, until their excitement rises to literal frenzy. The eyes seem to start out of their heads, they foam at the mouth, and in about an hour after the exercises are begun several of them tumble on to the floor, rolling in epileptic fits. When the excitement is at its height, several mad men and women are brought in and laid gently before the Sheik, who tramples on them very lightly with his feet. . . . By this time the Dervishes at the upper end of the room had lost all control of themselves, the cymbals twanged and clashed, the tambourines and drums were banged with tremendous force, and the whole frantic congregation was screaming as if possessed—' Ya Allah, ya hu!'

In the provinces, it seems, this would be accounted a milk-and-water ceremony. Its description should satisfy us that the Turk is not quite ready for European methods yet. True, the navy and the army, as described by Mr. Davey, seem to be in deplorable state, but the army, as we have seen lately, can fight.

It is as a guide that Mr. Davey excels. He introduces us to Karagheny, the Turkish Punch, on the festal nights of Ramazan; he takes us to Turkish theatres; he shows us the pretty ceremony of the Selamlick; and then, in the second volume, he is, first, back in Turkish history, then deep in the story of the Greeks, then immersed in the Armenians and the Jews, then full of vivid descriptions of Brusa, and then back again in the byways of Stambul. Then we have a grim and startling account of a Persian festivity, "the hot horror of which baffles description, and nearly defies belief." On the whole this is a book of deep interest and marked ability.

CYCLING NOTES.

WHEN cycling first began to have its great vogue there were plenty of people who foretold that it was going to run golf off the face of the earth. Instead of that, the actual result has been that it has run men from all parts of the earth, heretofore remote, on to golf links, so that, by the aid it has given to locomotion, it has created more golfers and more golf than there ever were before. It is quite feasible to go to golf on a bicycle with clubs slung over your shoulder or hitched under your arm, but it is not comfortable. In this age of many inventions it really does seem as if we might ask for something better—for some contrivance which would enable us to hitch on the clubs to the rigid parts of the machine without interfering with the free play of those parts that require to be motive. It does not seem much to ask, especially when we see the cycling volunteer scouring the streets with his rifle fixed to his machine. Maybe there is some such invention as we are demanding, and in this case an apology is due, no doubt, to the inventor. But, if so, why is the invention not better advertised and more often used? Out of the seven thousand and odd patents that have been taken out for things associated with cycling it is too much to expect a plain man to be acquainted with all, even of the saner ones.

One invention that specially pleased us—it was exhibited at the Royal Westminster Aquarium several years ago—was a cycle that turned into a boat as soon as it saw a river. The action was not absolutely automatic—it needed some little help from the volition and hands of the rider; but the change was effected without serious trouble. And certainly it would go on land, as a cycle. Whether it would go on the water, as a boat, the writer cannot say, for he never saw it try, but it is morally certain that it would, for the inventor himself said so, and he ought to know, if anybody. The idea was that some species of envelope spread out, bat's-wing like, on which the thing floated, the rider, become the rower for marine purposes, went on pedalling, and the wheels, by a venetian-shutter contrivance turned into the semblance of paddles, were worked by his efforts just as if he were still on land. Surely there was something of the kind on view at Captain Boyton's Water Show; but inventions are so manifold it is impossible to remember.

Of course, for carrying purposes, a tricycle has its advantages. It has the further advantage, too, that you can sit still and rest on it, look at the view, and so forth. It is a great drawback to a bicycle that it does not lend itself to gentle sitting exercise. There was an invention by which a leg, or rod, was let down at will, so that one could sit still and admire Nature, but it dropped out of use. Dropped out of use no doubt for the absurd reason that it added to the weight. How much? There are more absurdities perpetrated in the effort to lighten bicycles than in all the other thousand and one details that relate to cycling put together. Men and women study hard to reduce by an ounce or two the weight of their machine, and then go and plant anything from eight to eighteen stone upon it. Why a bunch of keys in the pocket will weigh as much as many of the details of construction in which safety is often sacrificed to lightness. Comfort is often sacrificed, too, for some of those extra-light American machines which came over a year and a-half or so ago were quite painful in their jolting—all because rigidity had been lost in the effort to reduce the weight. The weight is really of secondary importance. The first consideration, or among the first, should be the easy running of the wheels.

The best suggestion one could make, perhaps, to man or woman about to choose a cycle, is to wander up and down Holborn Viaduct, with an open mind, looking in at the windows, now and again entering a shop to twirl round the wheel of a cycle and see how long it will go on twirling. You may take it for granted that all reasonably capable managers will see that their show machines are perfectly oiled and in good running gear, so you need not hesitate to compare results. You may spend a happy morning in this manner. But do not bother yourself to examine all the machines, even those whose aspect displeases you, for so you would never finish, and after all, it is to be presumed that you are going to bicycle for pleasure, and you will never get any pleasure out of a machine whose appearance does not please you. It is, of course, a confession of weakness, but appearances make a deal of difference, either to man or woman. It is human nature, and if there is much human nature in man there is certainly much more in woman. What you want is a machine on which you will look well and feel comfortable. Presumably you do not think of going in for races at the Aquarium, or from Paris to Bordeaux, so comfort is of more importance than speed. There is not the least difficulty, even on a bone-shaker, in going as fast as the police will let you, whether in the London streets or on country roads. And having chosen your machine, take care of it, though you need not insist on its being admitted, beyond dispute, that the firm that built it is the only respectable and competent firm of cycle-makers in the world.